

ACKERMAN • OHTA • PINA • SINCLAIR

IRON MAN

*"It's aiming to build
a truly new version of
the Armored Avenger
that will appeal to
readers of all stripes."*

— AIPT



MARVEL

THE STARK-ROXXON WAR

“Grounds Tony Stark in a new, specific tone and aesthetic that is refreshing for the character.”

— ComicBook.com

A NEW, BRUTAL ERA BEGINS FOR

THE GOLDEN AVENGER!

WITH HIS COMPANY RESTORED, Tony Stark’s first order of business is getting Stark Unlimited back out of the weapons game. But a multinational company doesn’t just stop selling weapons overnight, and the board is more concerned with profit margins than super-hero ethics. Now they’ve made a deal with the devil: Stark Unlimited is for sale, and the highest bidder represents the combined might of Tony’s two biggest competitors, Roxxon and A.I.M.! But they’re ready for the old Tony Stark. This one? He’s a lot angrier than he used to be. New armor, old enemies and unbelievable twists abound in this fresh take on a fury-powered Iron Man!



COLLECTING **IRON MAN (2024) #1-5** — BY SPENCER ACKERMAN,
JULIUS OHTA, JETHRO MORALES, JAVIER PINA, ROD REIS AND ALEX SINCLAIR.

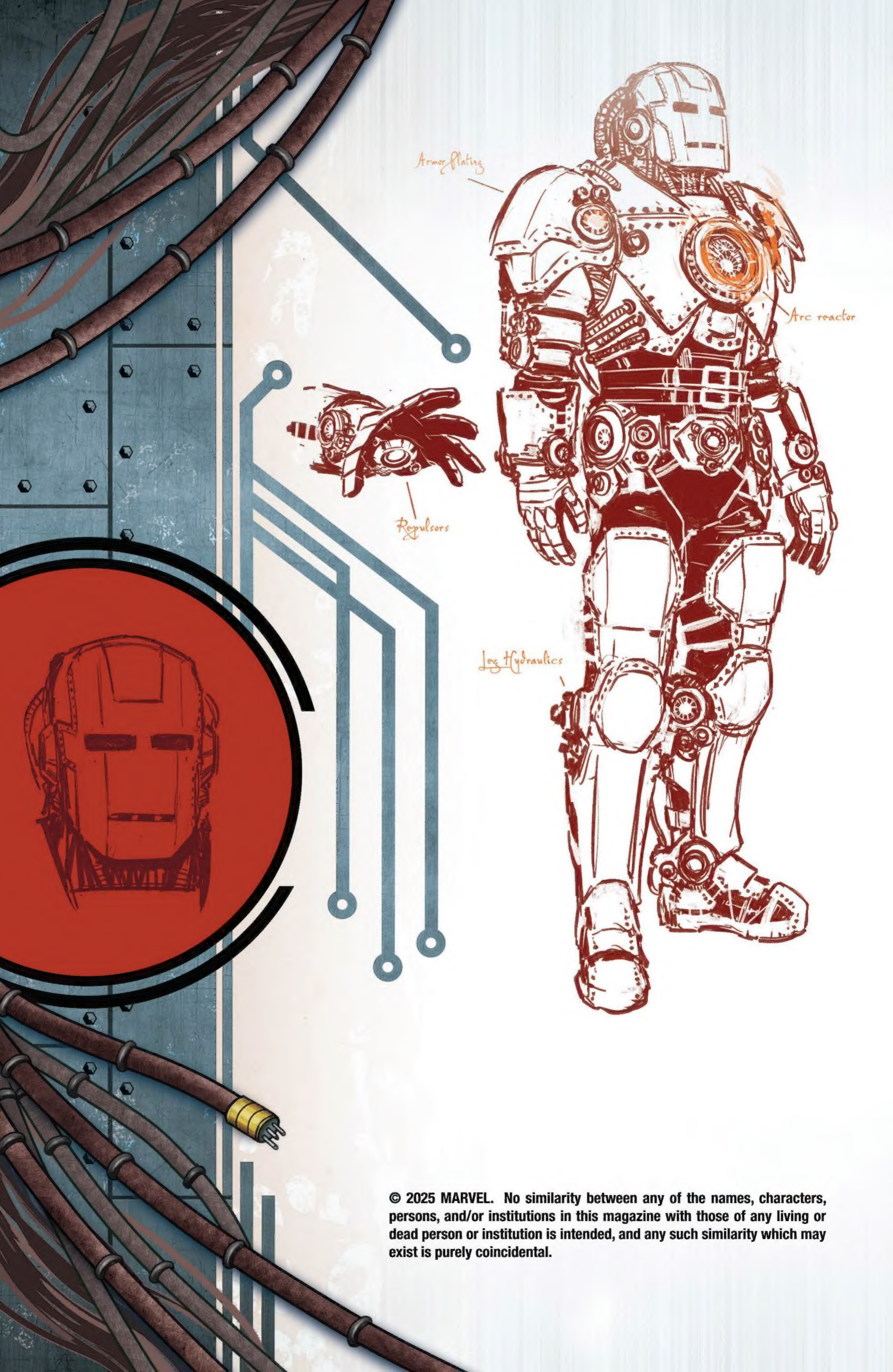
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MARVEL



IRON MAN

THE STARK-ROXXON WAR



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IRON MAN

THE STARK-ROXXON WAR

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ONE: CAPITAL STRIKE

UPSTATE NEW YORK.

Open the #&\$%& gate!

How are we supposed to get to work?!

Plant's closed today. Go on home.

No one's going anywhere. If *Tony Stark* thinks locking us out can stop the union drive, we'll do this in the parking lot.

And then you clowns are gonna open this gate.

That's right!

Get a load of this guy! Maybe we should open this gate up.

The company didn't hire us *not* to do our thing...

Heh. You chumps shoulda realized...

...the gate was there to protect you.

Now they're using *Hulks* on us?!

I'm out, not getting smashed--

--told Ramon this would happen--



...I didn't approve this lockout.

I just came here to inspect this factory the old Stark Unlimited management opened.

And these guys are nowhere near Hulks.

I was right not to bother wearing my anti-magic mysterium armor for a routine check-in...

...but I'm glad I came here as

IRON MAN.

Look at that. No more locks.

You two are terminated. If you scan the QR code on the hologram, it'll take you to an HR survey.

We don't work for you, you woke ##%\$!

Even better.



RAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

Have it
your way,
not-Hulk
bros.



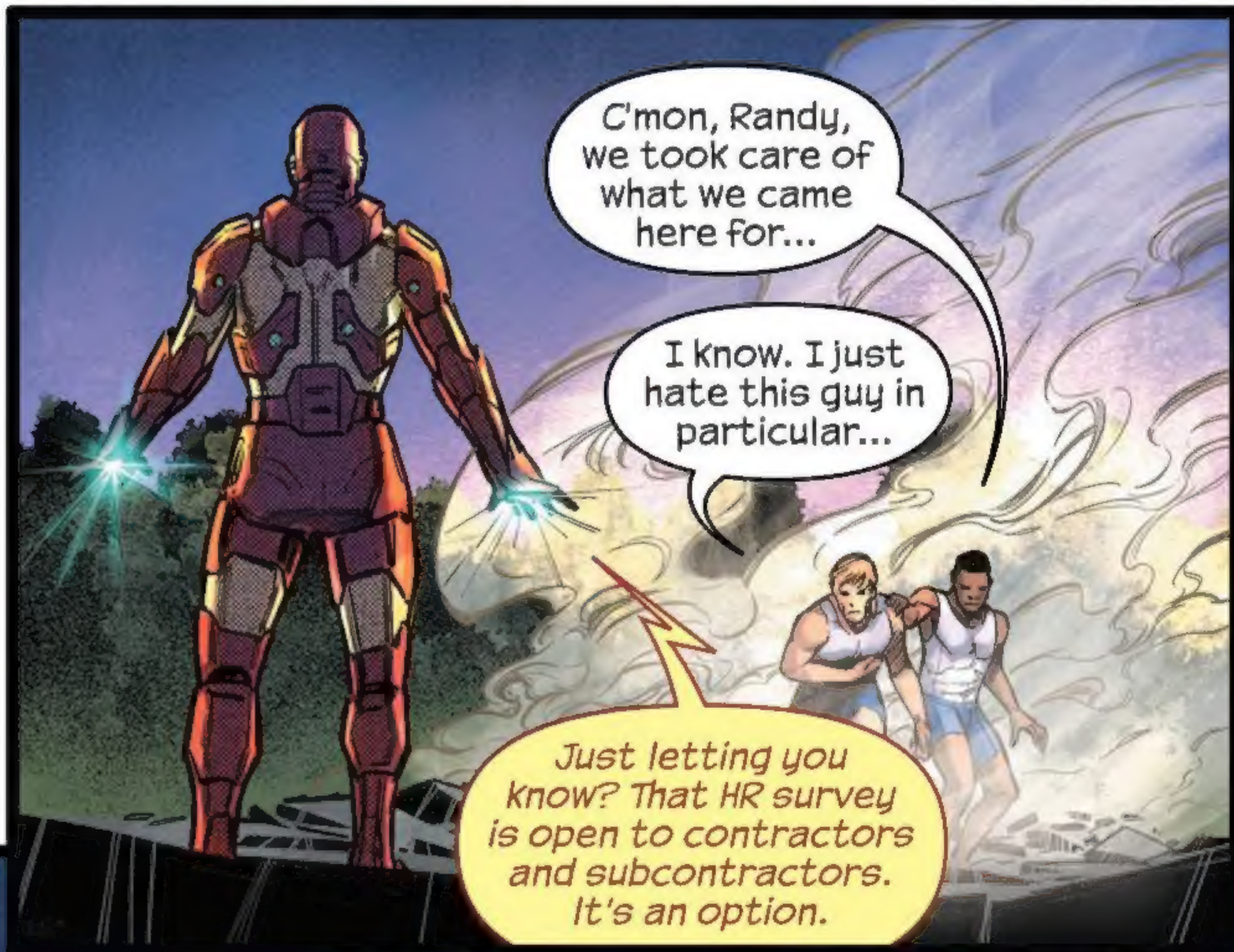
Unnnghhhh!

OOOOOFFFFF!



I know, I know, those
repulsor rays sure
knock the wind out
of you.

Do you
really want
more?



C'mon, Randy,
we took care of
what we came
here for...

I know. I just
hate this guy in
particular...

Just letting you
know? That HR survey
is open to contractors
and subcontractors.
It's an option.



Hey, are
you...

RAMON VICENTE.
SAFETY INSPECTOR.

...Ramon
Vicente?

Could you
walk me through
the factory
floor?



Why, am I next?

What? No! I'm not here to bust a union.

I just got my company back. The guy I got it back from made it build *weapons* again. This was one of the factories he opened.

My A.I. assistant alerted me to your organizing drive. So I figured you're the guy to talk to.

Okay, well...

...you're why we're organizing.

We know you don't like the stuff we make.*

*The villain Feilong had Stark Unlimited building mutant-hunting Sentinels! --S.B.

Genocide robots? With my branding? Not the biggest fan, no.

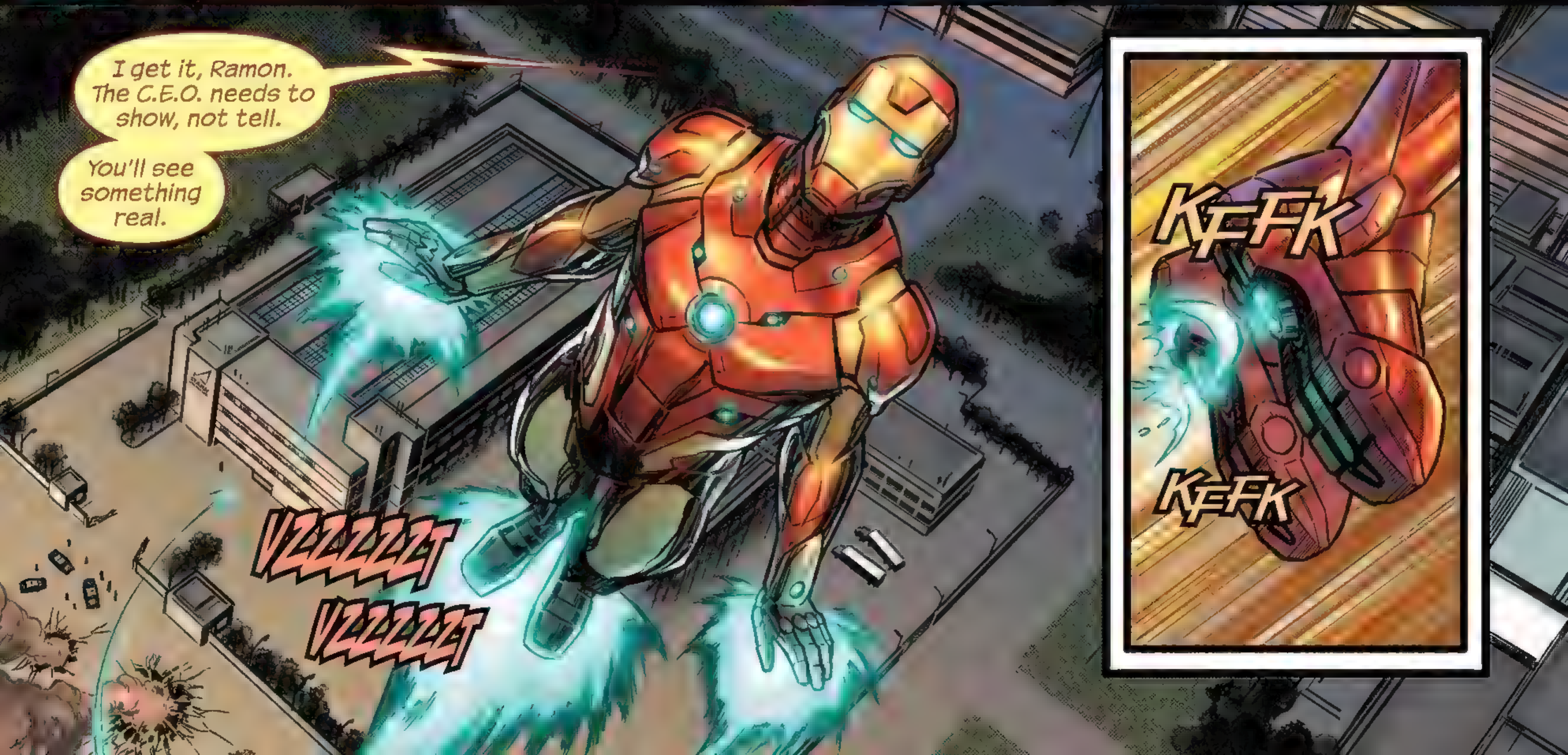
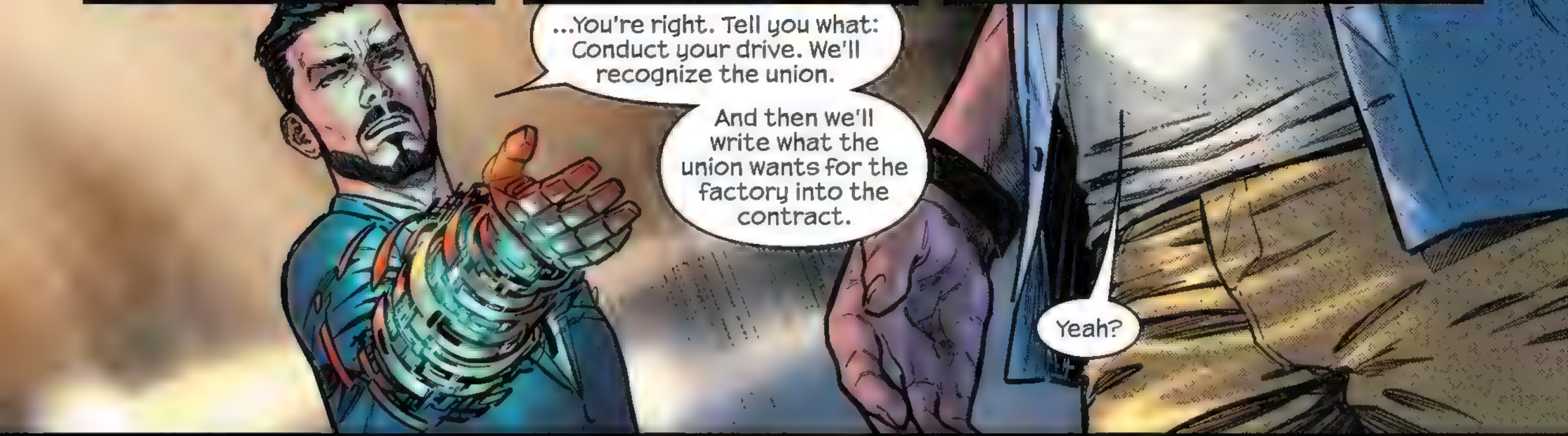
Look closer. We make *artillery shells* here now.

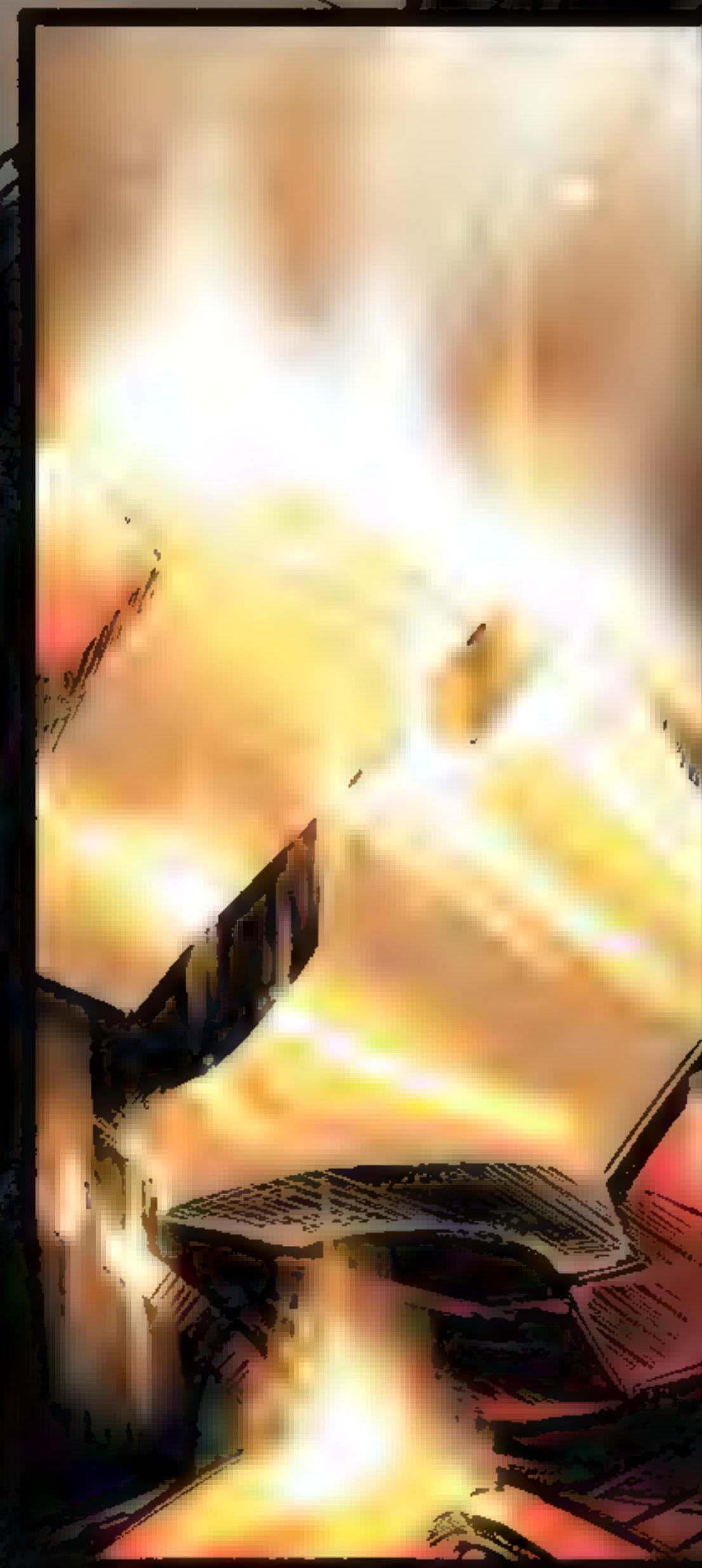
And how do you feel about making those?

I got enough of artillery my first tour. I'm here because I *need* this job.

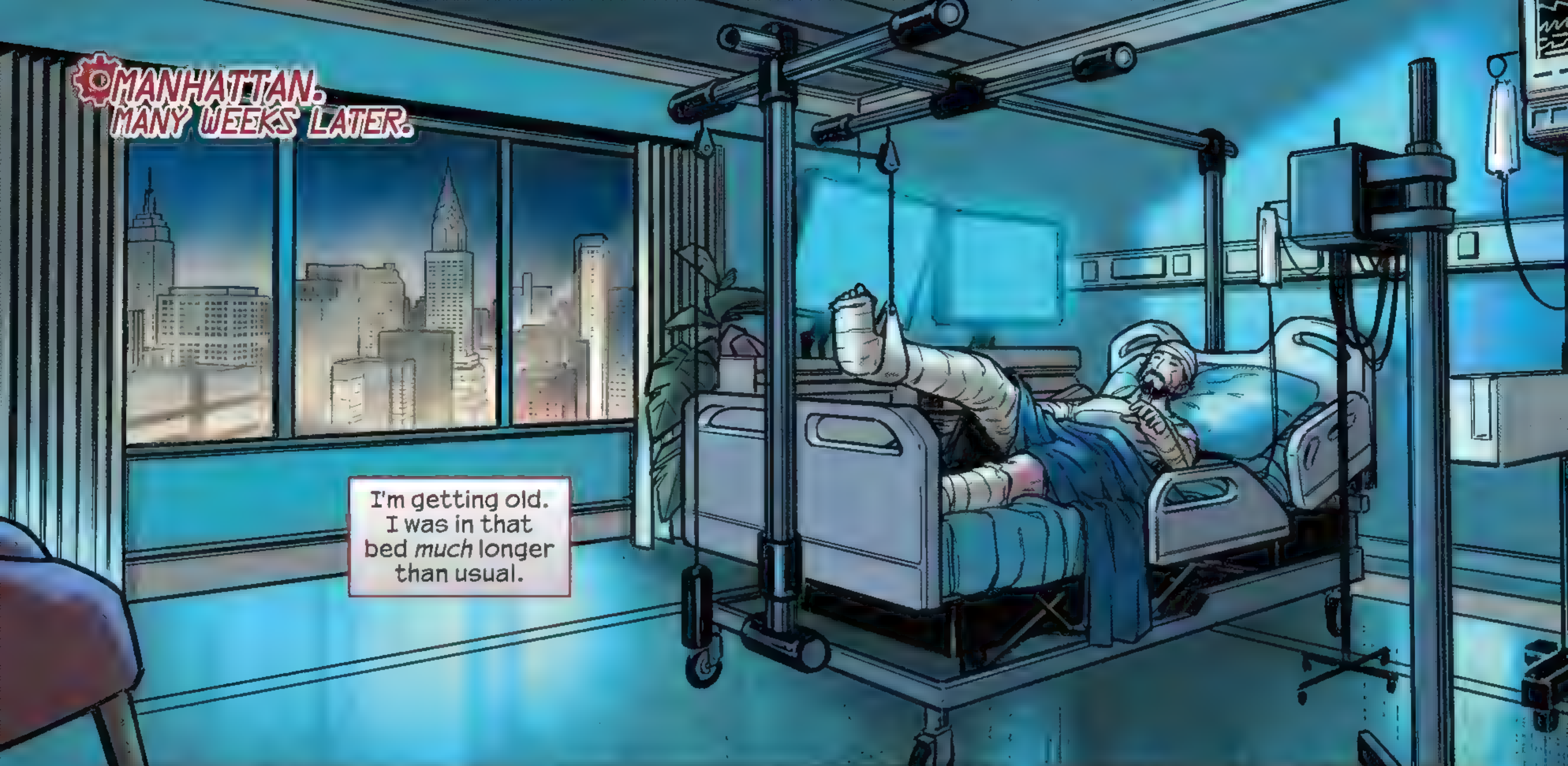
Just like *all* them outside.

Are you gonna make us find new ones?





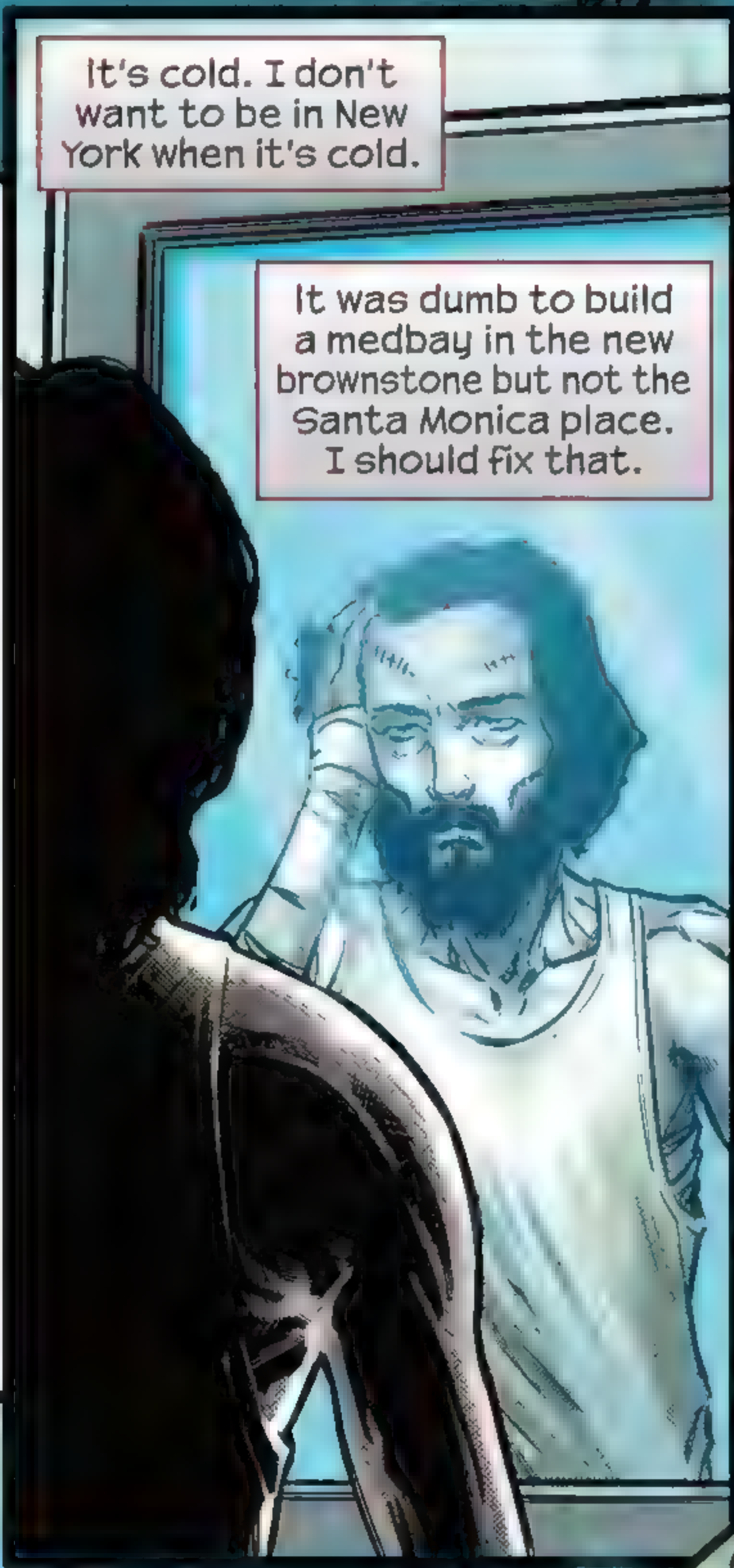
MANHATTAN.
MANY WEEKS LATER.



I'm getting old.
I was in that
bed *much* longer
than usual.



This *also* took
longer than I
wanted.



It's cold. I don't
want to be in New
York when it's cold.

It was dumb to build
a medbay in the new
brownstone but not the
Santa Monica place.
I should fix that.



Something else
that I feel dumb
about:

Nothing in the diagnostics
registers *anything* wrong
with the armor's propulsion,
fuel, or data systems.



Why'd I
fall out of
the sky?

Until I find an answer, Stark servers are running a global armor update.

Every Iron Man suit's getting patched. Every suit that isn't offline and folded into a briefcase somewhere, I guess.

Should I go back to a neural link interface?

Syncing the armor to my nervous system would have alerted me to a misfire before I got airborne.

But the link occurs in the midbrain. Awfully close to the mesolimbic pathway.

And alcoholics like me shouldn't mess with our brains' dopamine supply.

YOUR BOARD MEETING IS IN. FIFTEEN. MINUTES.

What? It's not even six--

IT IS. NINE. FORTY-FIVE.

So much for that. I can't be late for my first board meeting after getting control of Stark Unlimited back.

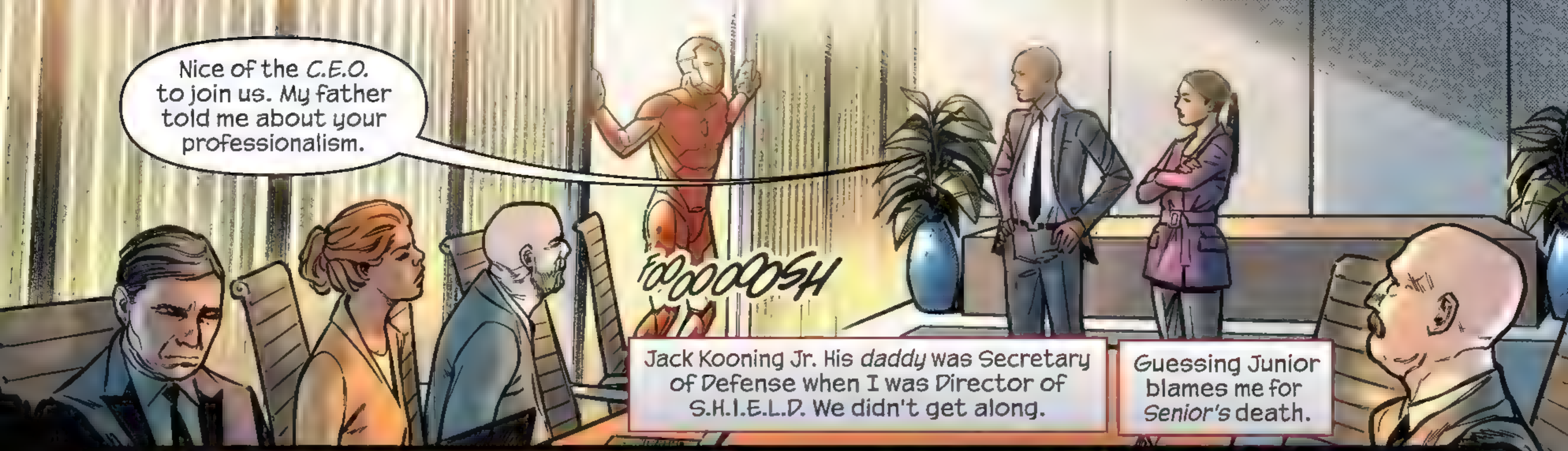
No choice but to fly.

And I learned the hard way that I can't have the armor feed me painkillers.*

Not ideal.

*See the Christopher Cantwell-penned 2020 IRON MAN run! --S.B.

Nothing about today is going to be ideal.

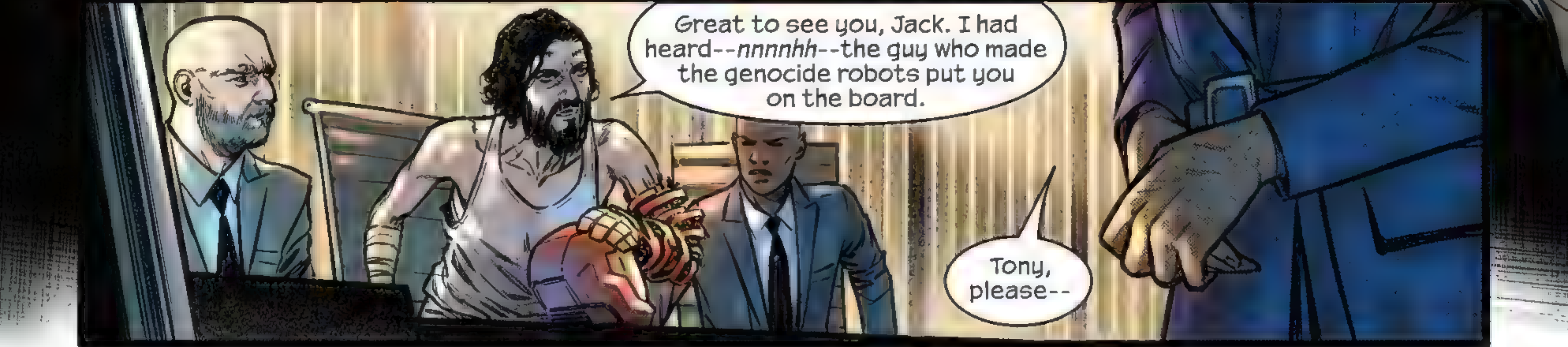


Nice of the C.E.O. to join us. My father told me about your professionalism.

POOOOSH

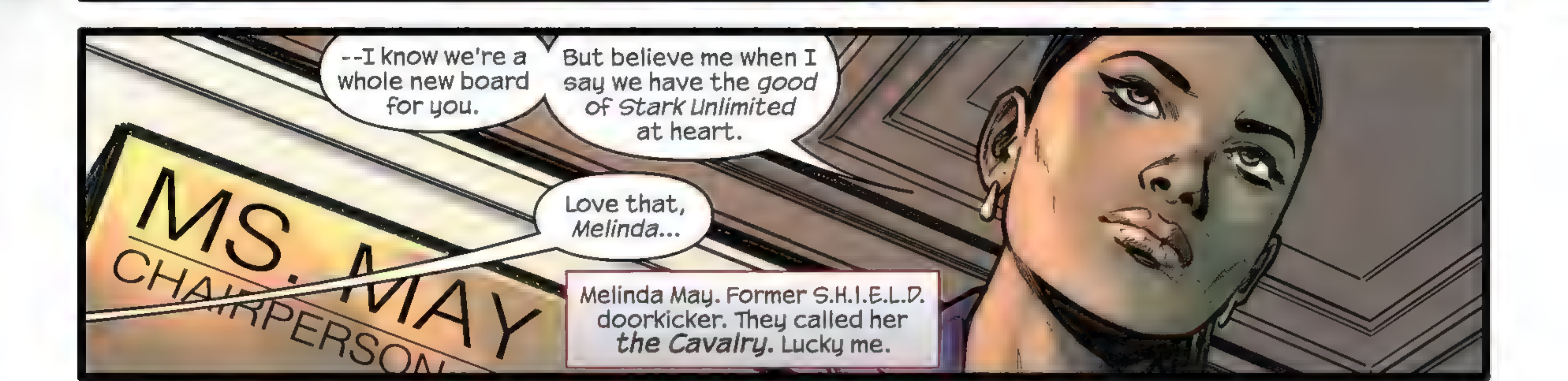
Jack Kooning Jr. His daddy was Secretary of Defense when I was Director of S.H.I.E.L.D. We didn't get along.

Guessing Junior blames me for Senior's death.



Great to see you, Jack. I had heard--nnnnhh--the guy who made the genocide robots put you on the board.

Tony, please--

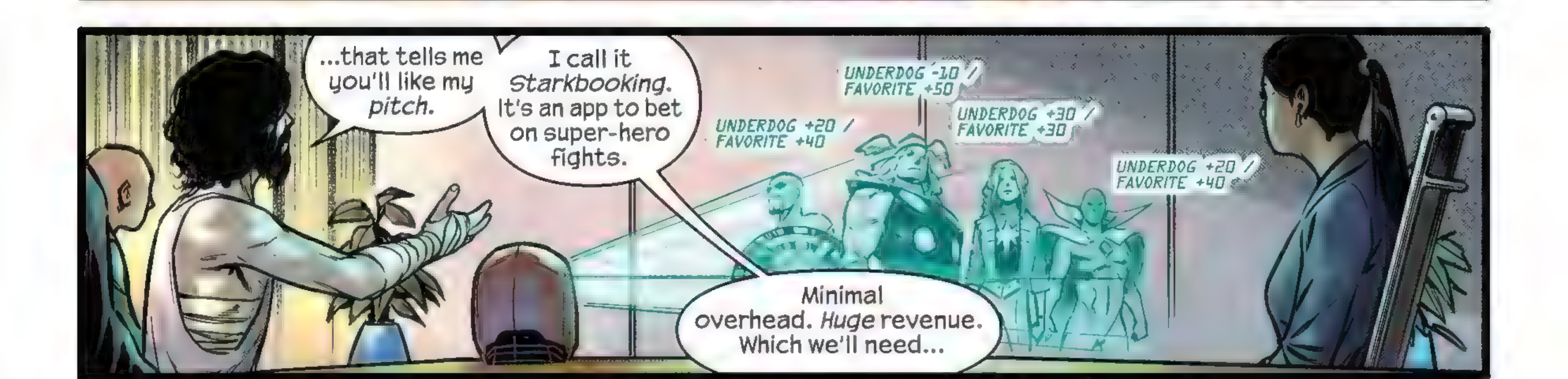


--I know we're a whole new board for you.

But believe me when I say we have the good of Stark Unlimited at heart.

Love that, Melinda...

Melinda May. Former S.H.I.E.L.D. doorkicker. They called her the Cavalry. Lucky me.



...that tells me you'll like my pitch.

I call it Starkbooking. It's an app to bet on super-hero fights.

UNDERDOG -10 / FAVORITE +50
UNDERDOG +20 / FAVORITE +40

UNDERDOG +30 / FAVORITE +30

UNDERDOG +20 / FAVORITE +40

Minimal overhead. Huge revenue. Which we'll need...



...because, with the board's help, I'm taking Stark Unlimited out of the weapons business.

For good.

Tony, try to understand...



...we do have the good of Stark Unlimited at heart.

Ciao, Tony.



Are you all *insane*? That's--that's A.I.M.'s *Scientist Supreme*!

Tony, how are you not across *company communications*?

Doctor Rappaccini and her associates have made an *offer*.



An *offer*?!

Tony, you've been in the hospital--

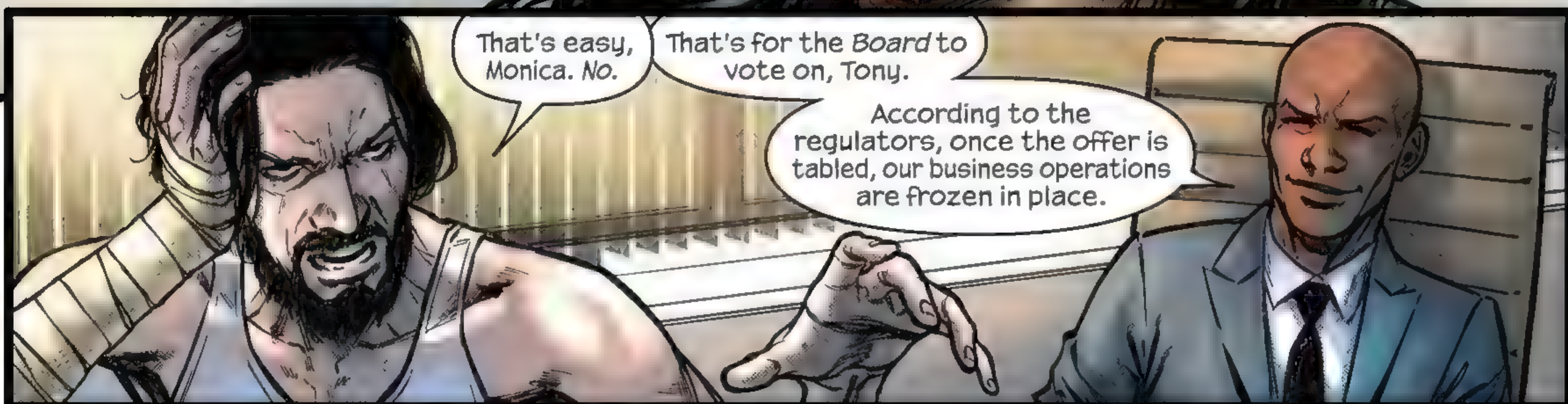
A highly *lucrative offer*.



And not only A.I.M.'s offer. We're moving to acquire Stark Unlimited...

...with our partners at *Roxxon*.

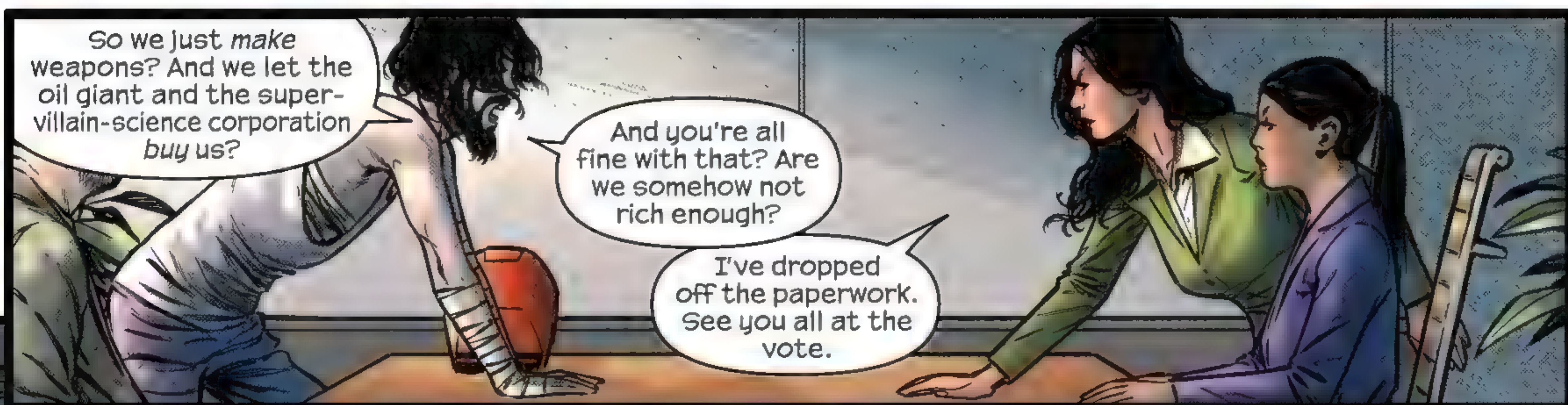
All based on Stark's *current* share price, of course. As a *weapons manufacturer*.



That's easy, Monica. No.

That's for the *Board* to vote on, Tony.

According to the regulators, once the offer is tabled, our business operations are frozen in place.



So we just *make weapons*? And we let the oil giant and the super-villain-science corporation *buy us*?

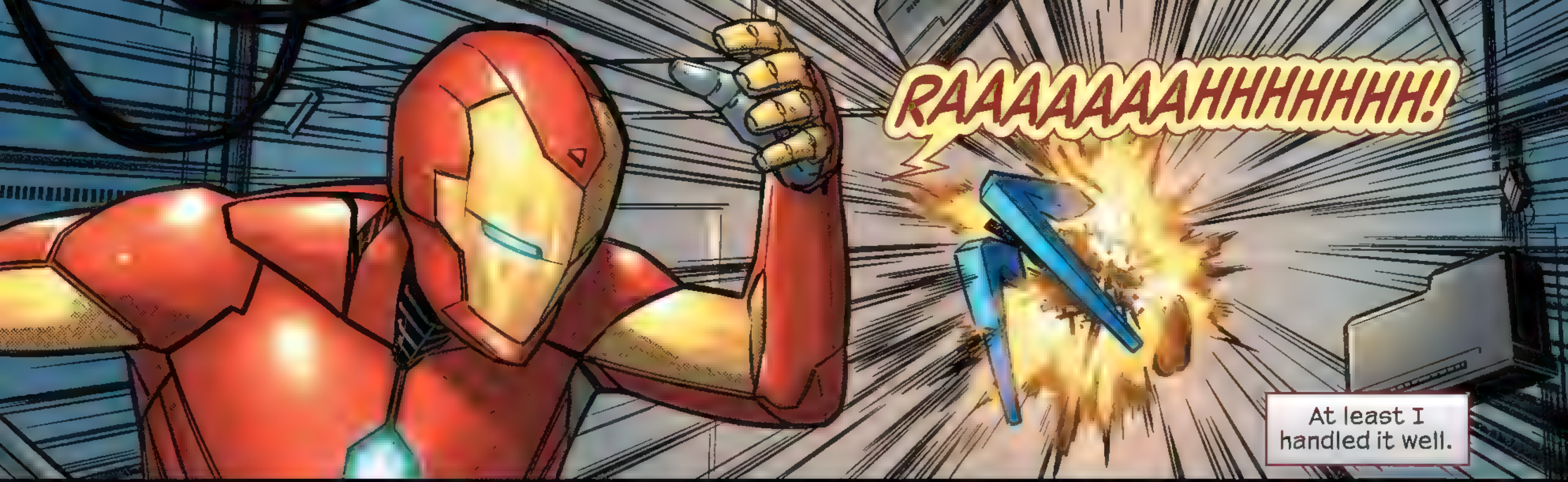
And you're all fine with that? Are we somehow not rich enough?

I've dropped off the paperwork. See you all at the vote.



For the record, Tony, I like the *Starkbook* idea.

If rematches work like parlays, it'll keep us from paying out on those *endless* archenemy battles.



RAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

At least I handled it well.

I just got my company back from Feilong. And I'm checkmated.

If I shut down the weapons plants on my own, the shareholders will sue me. And the board will oust me for taking action without them.



I mean, I'm ousted no matter what, but still.

Jack Junior signed a letter of intent with Roxxon and A.I.M. to pursue the merger. That makes Stark missile production "ordinary business" I can't interfere with.

I stare at the documents like they'll drop me my lifeline.

@nomoremotants1488 LOVE FAMILY 🤖🤖 LOVE GOD Yooooo the security camera footage of Iron Lib 🤖

When they don't, I read other stuff.

@ferretseverywhere FERRETS IN BIO Go DEI, fall out of the sky

That one doesn't even make sense.

@flyingtiger_ MASTER OF 🐱 II ORIGINAL ACCOUNT CENSORED AT 100K FOLLOWERS The only thing droppin #IronMan faster than me is gravity #tigerpack #supplements #tigermentality

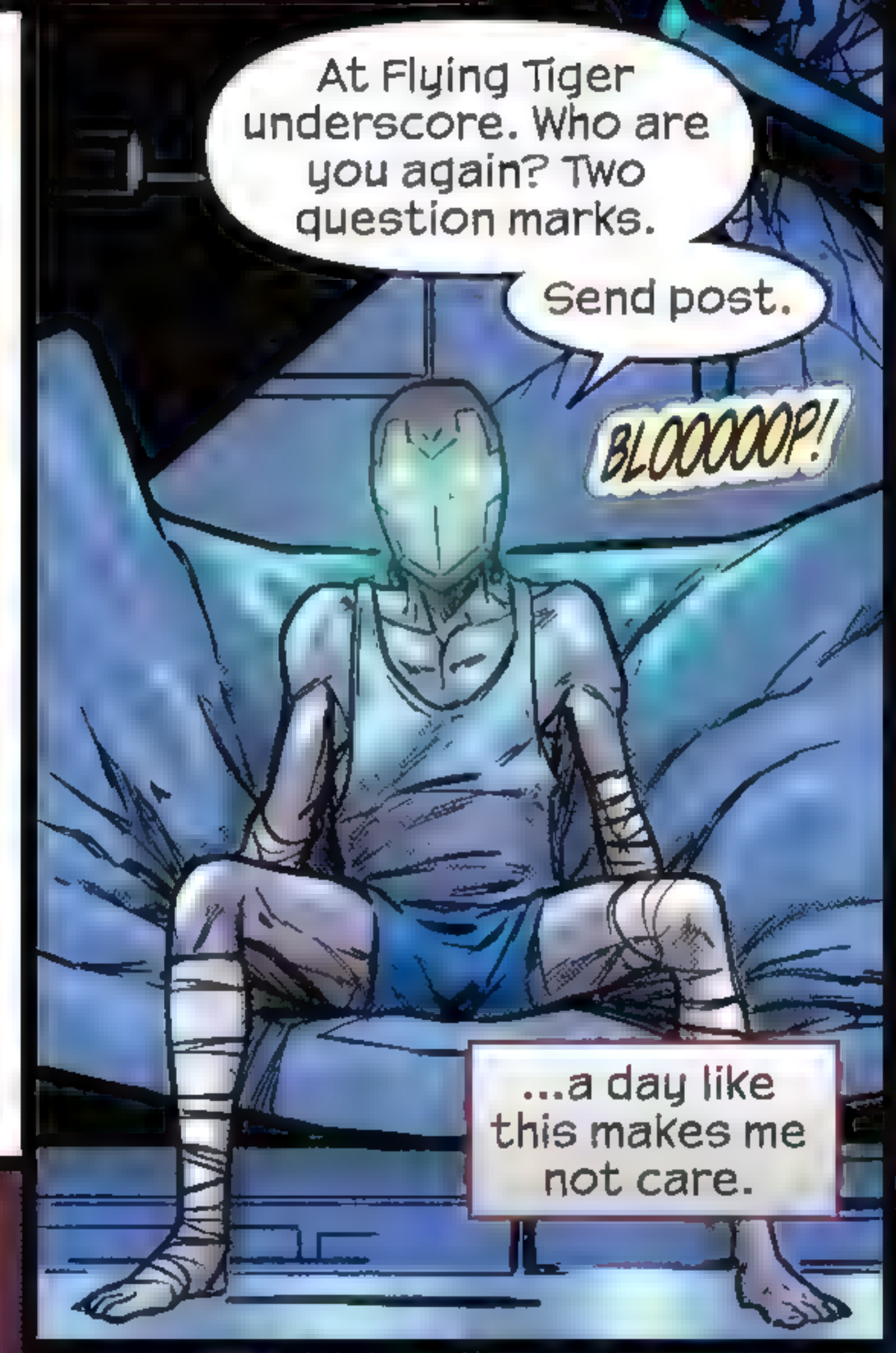
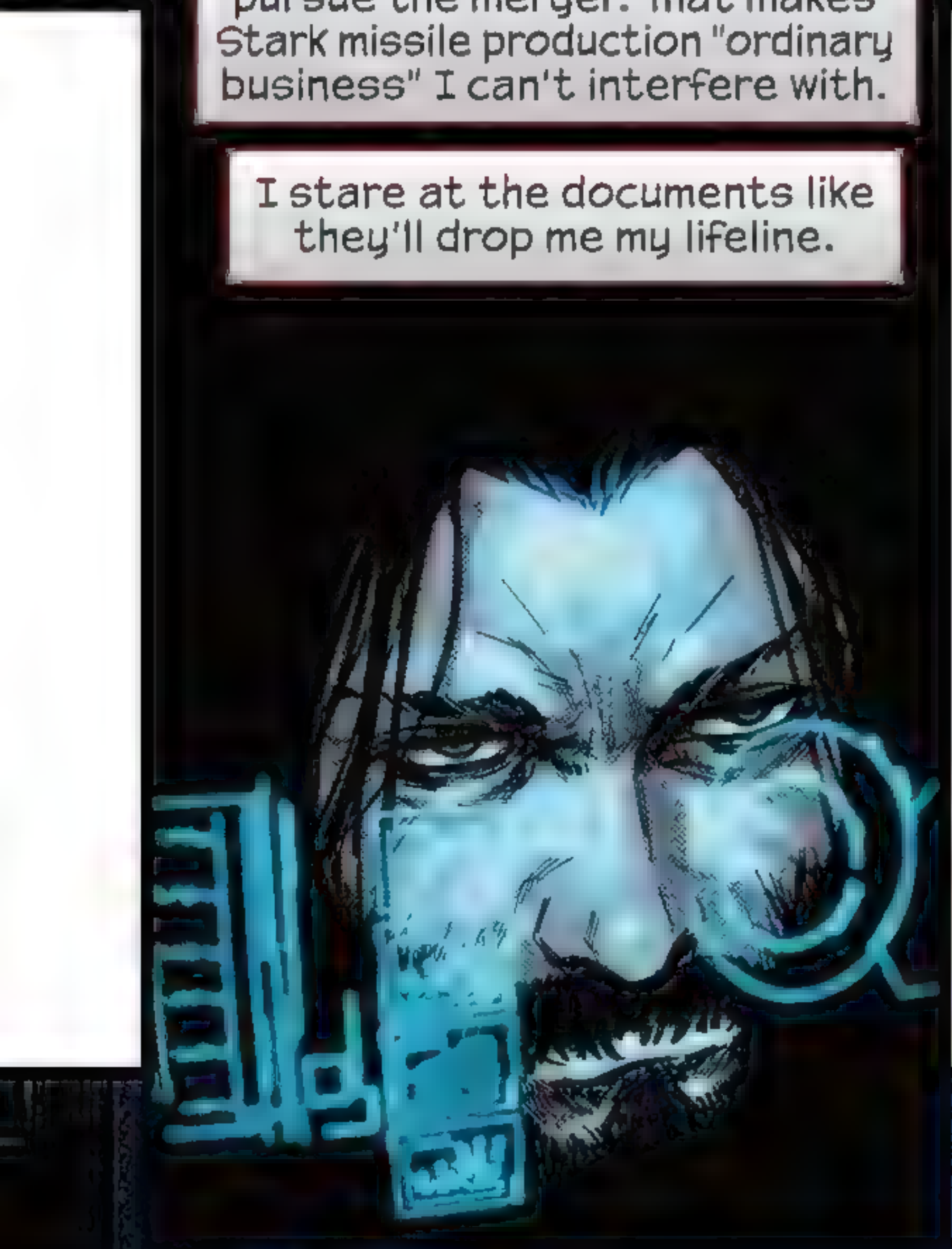
I know this is a mistake, but...

At Flying Tiger underscore. Who are you again? Two question marks.

Send post.

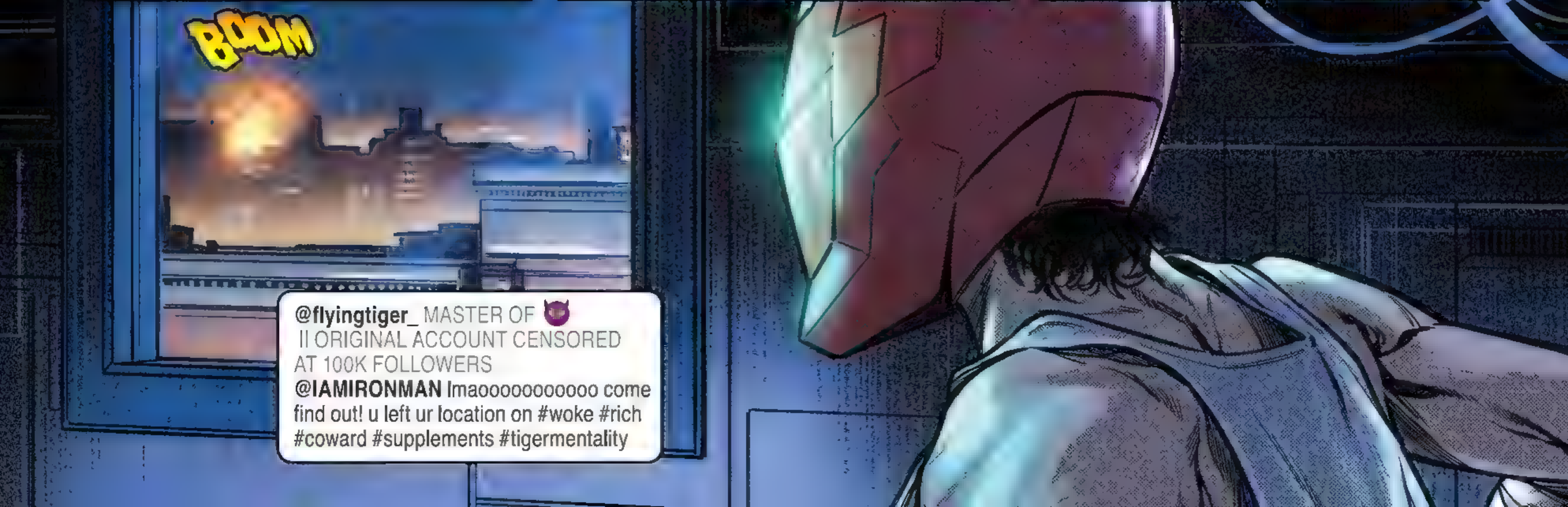
BLOOOOOOP!

...a day like this makes me not care.



BOOM

@flyingtiger_ MASTER OF 🐱 II ORIGINAL ACCOUNT CENSORED AT 100K FOLLOWERS @IAMIRONMAN Imaooooooooooooo come find out! u left ur location on #woke #rich #coward #supplements #tigermentality



Someone's laundromat paid the price for me posting recklessly.

It's crazy that Daredevil isn't here already. I guess he doesn't really go east of the park.

SCANS SHOW.
NO. PEOPLE
INSIDE.

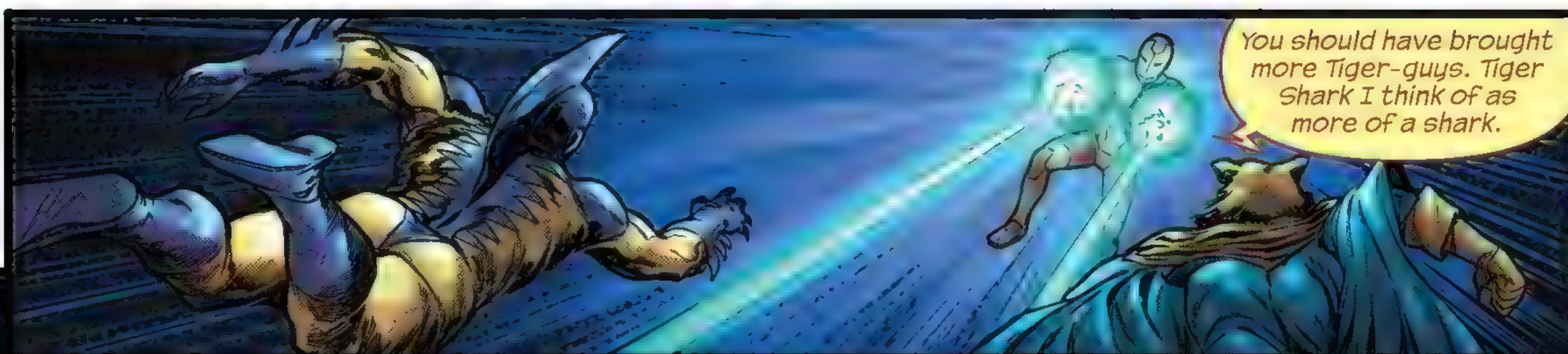


That's
a relief,
at lea--



NNGH!





This is
excruciating.
Gotta end it.

What were
you saying, Stark?
Feel the rake of
the tiger!

This guy
is pissing
me off.

How could--
nfff--teeth feel
like getting
raked by--

STREAMING
SIGNAL
DETECTED.



You're
streaming
me beating
your ass?

I get it now. You
blew up someone's
laundromat so you
could look at the
camera and say
I'm washed.

Heh.
You are
washed...

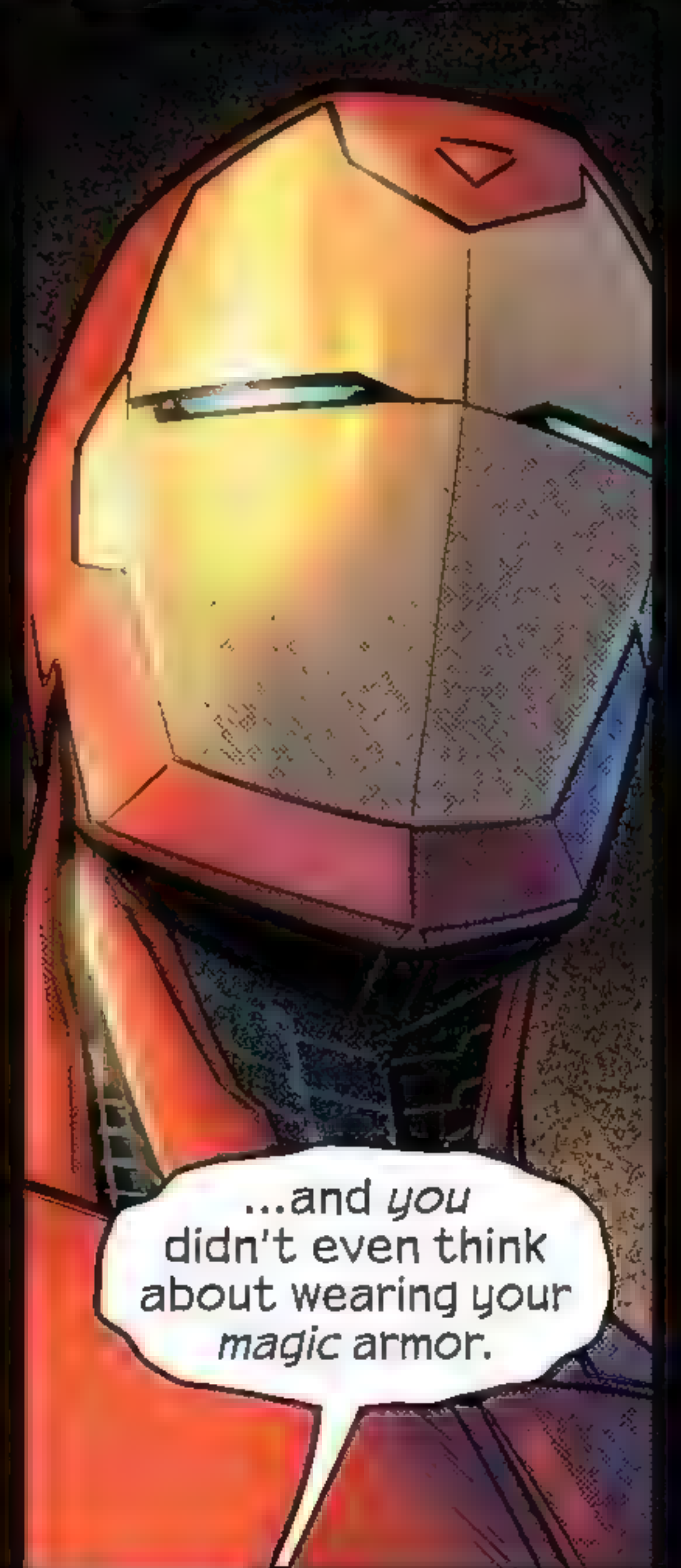
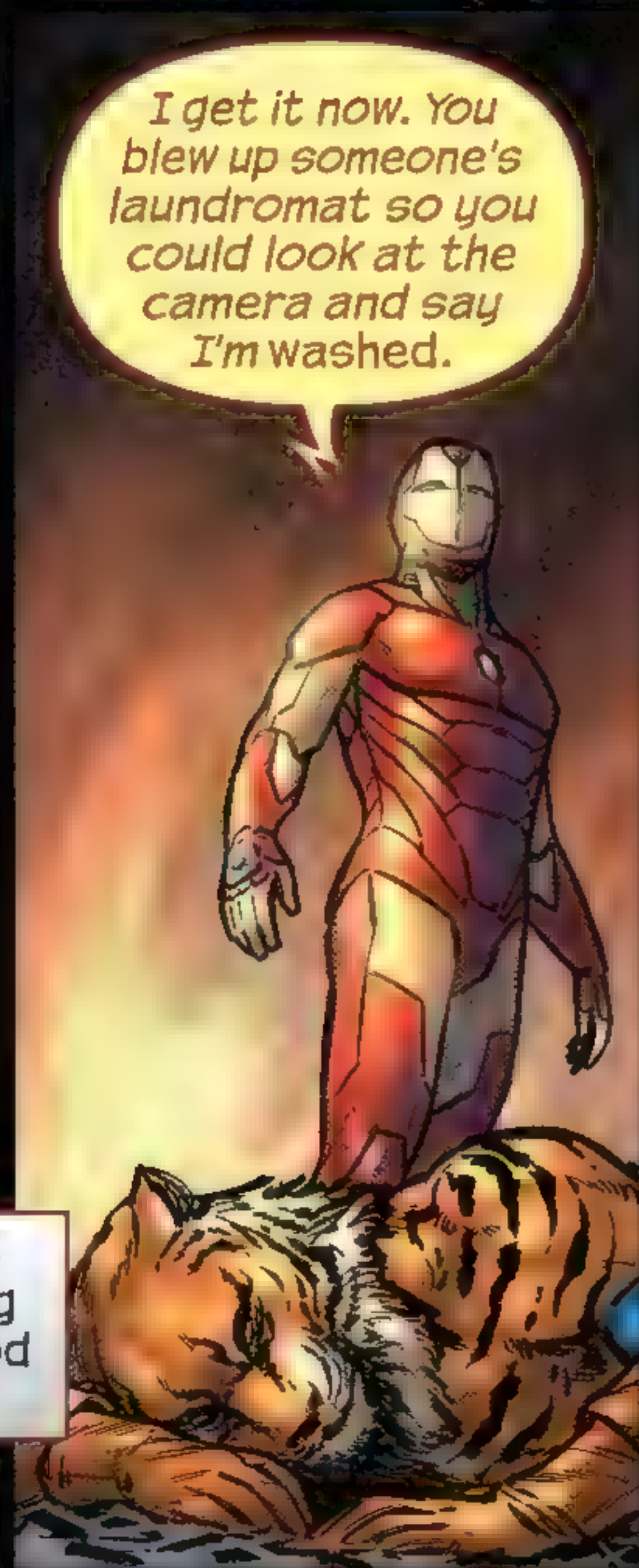
Then your
followers saw
a washed guy
own you.

Some
of us...have
to work for
a living...

Stark-
booking
is a good
idea.

When
the boss says take a
punch, I take a punch...

...and you
didn't even think
about wearing your
magic armor.





I'm an idiot.

Hahahahaha... yes!

Whatever shorted out my suit at the Sentinel plant wasn't mechanical sabotage. It wasn't malware. It was *magic*.



That's why my diagnostics didn't catch it.

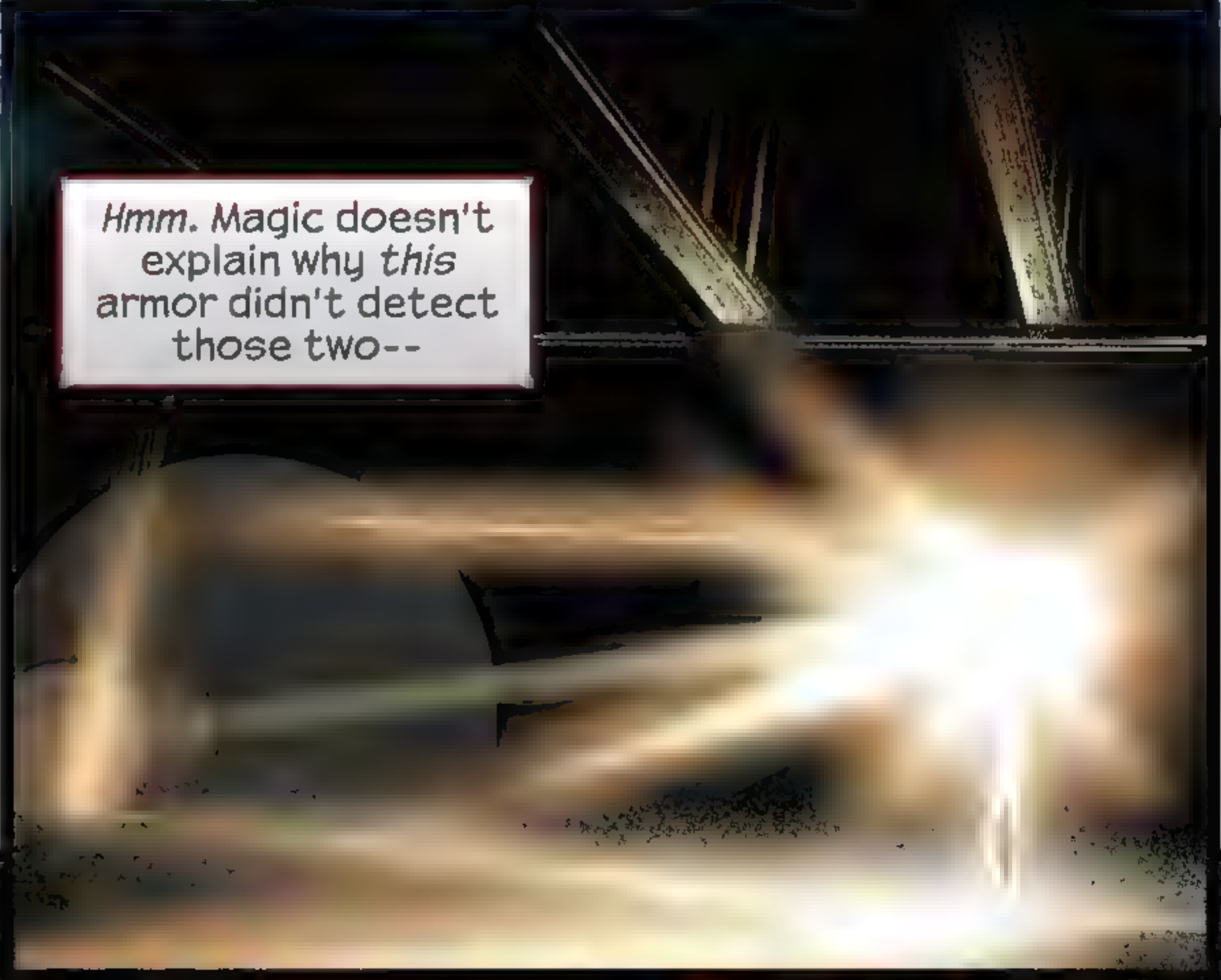
I *hate* magic... I can't think in magic terms.

Good thing for me I have an *antimagic* Iron Man suit.

How a jobber like Flying Tiger knows that is now something I have to worry about.



Word spreading about that suit is why I hid it in this Long Island City warehouse I bought.

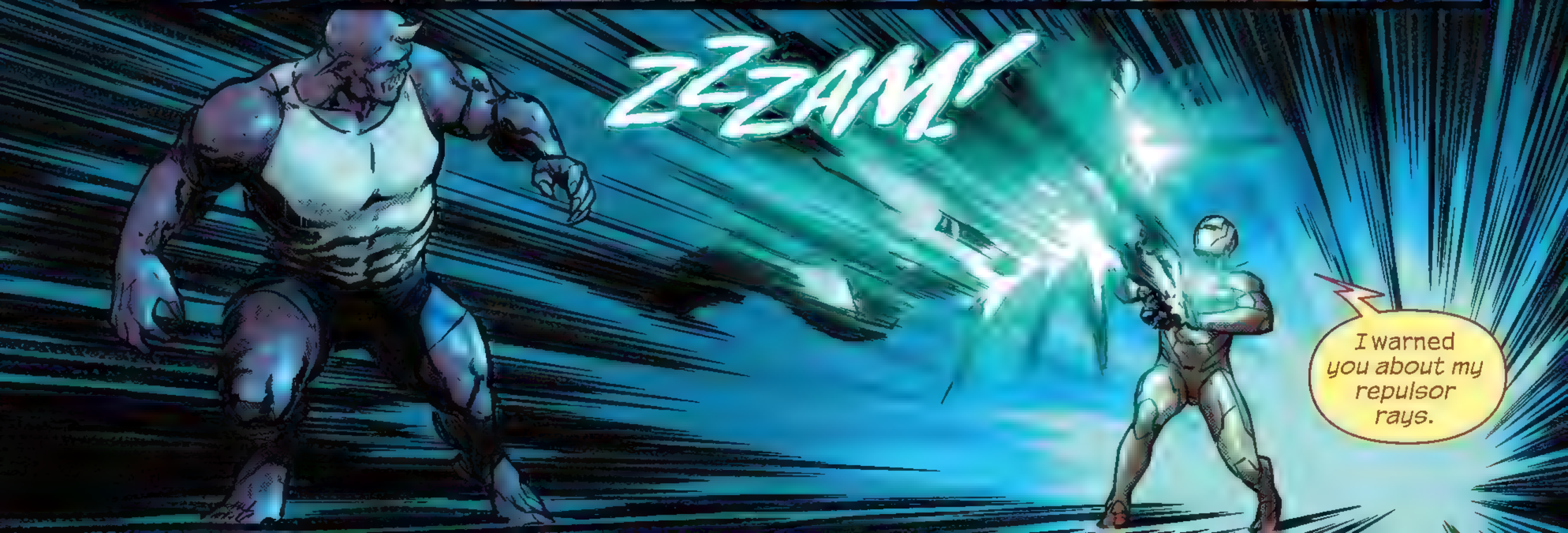


Hmm. Magic doesn't explain why *this* armor didn't detect those two--



CLAAANNNNNN

GGGGGGGGGGGG





It's really been one of those days.
So I suggest you tell me why you're in my warehouse before--

This isn't your warehouse, Tony.

--I really lose my--
What?!

Nuuuhhhh...



CLK

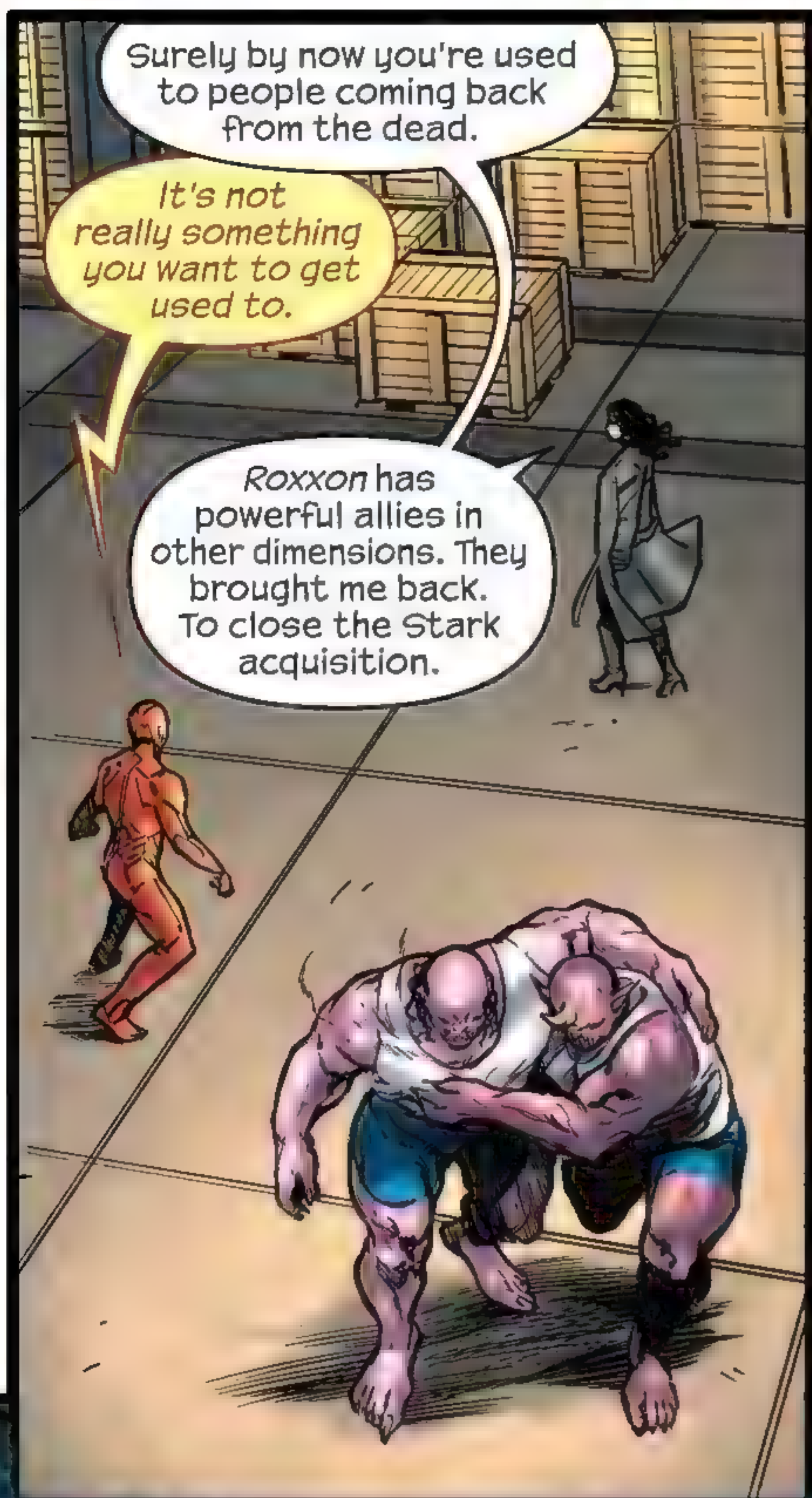


It's mine.

JUSTINE HAMMER???
Didn't Zeke Stane kill you?*

Now my head really hurts.

*Back in Invincible Iron Man #527! --S.B.



Surely by now you're used to people coming back from the dead.

It's not really something you want to get used to.

Roxxon has powerful allies in other dimensions. They brought me back. To close the Stark acquisition.



It only makes sense to use a Hammer against a Stark.

Does it? You don't exactly have a winning track record against me.

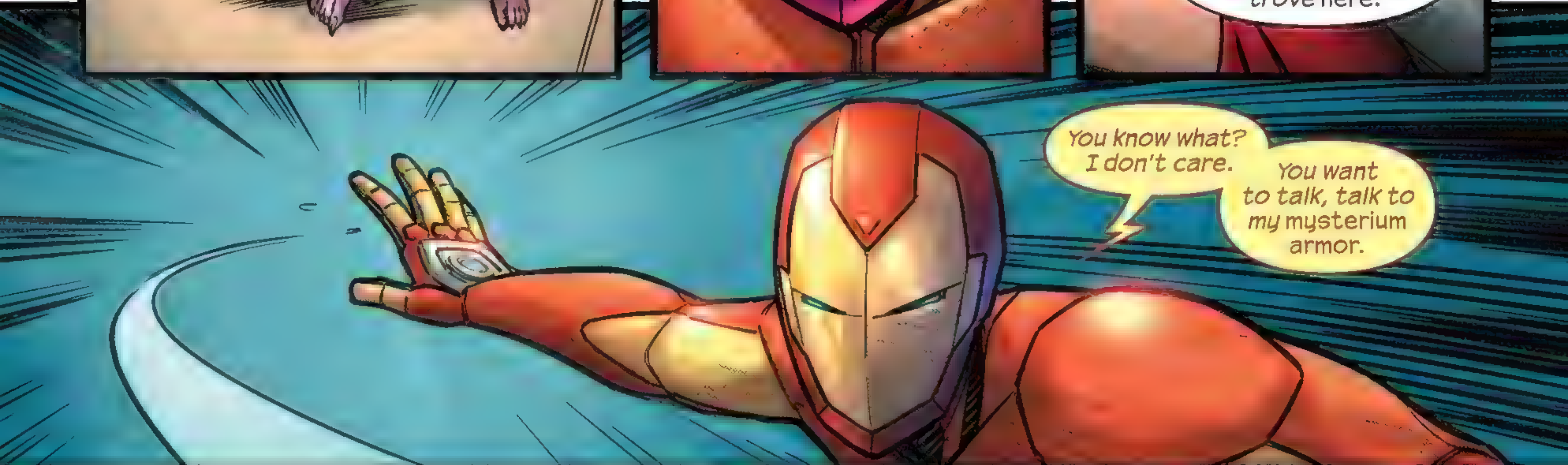
You're a lot like your dad that way.



You're about to find out just how alike we are.

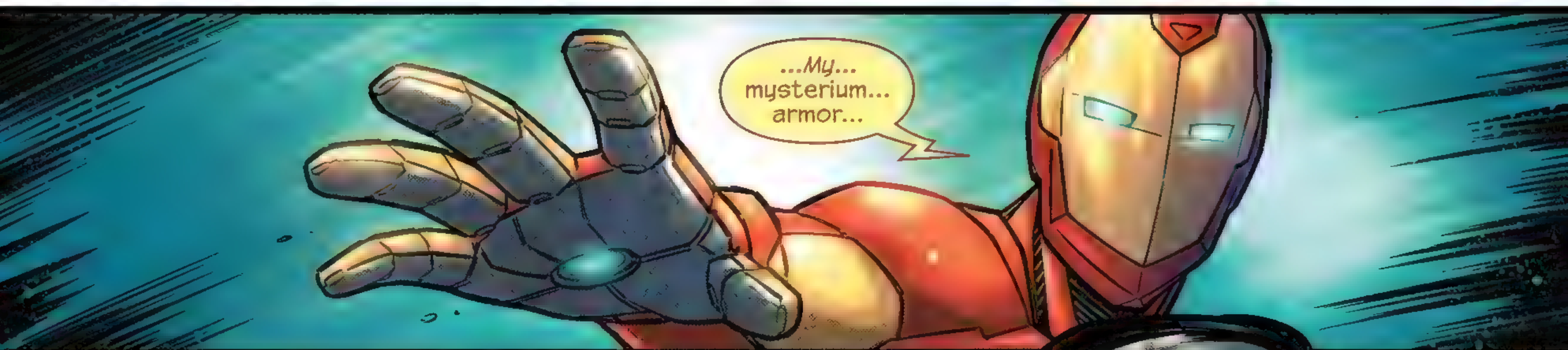
Roxxon lent me this B.E.R.Z.E.R.K.E.R. team. First, we locked out your weapons plant.

Then two of my old Masters of Evil did some gig work while we raided your treasure trove here.

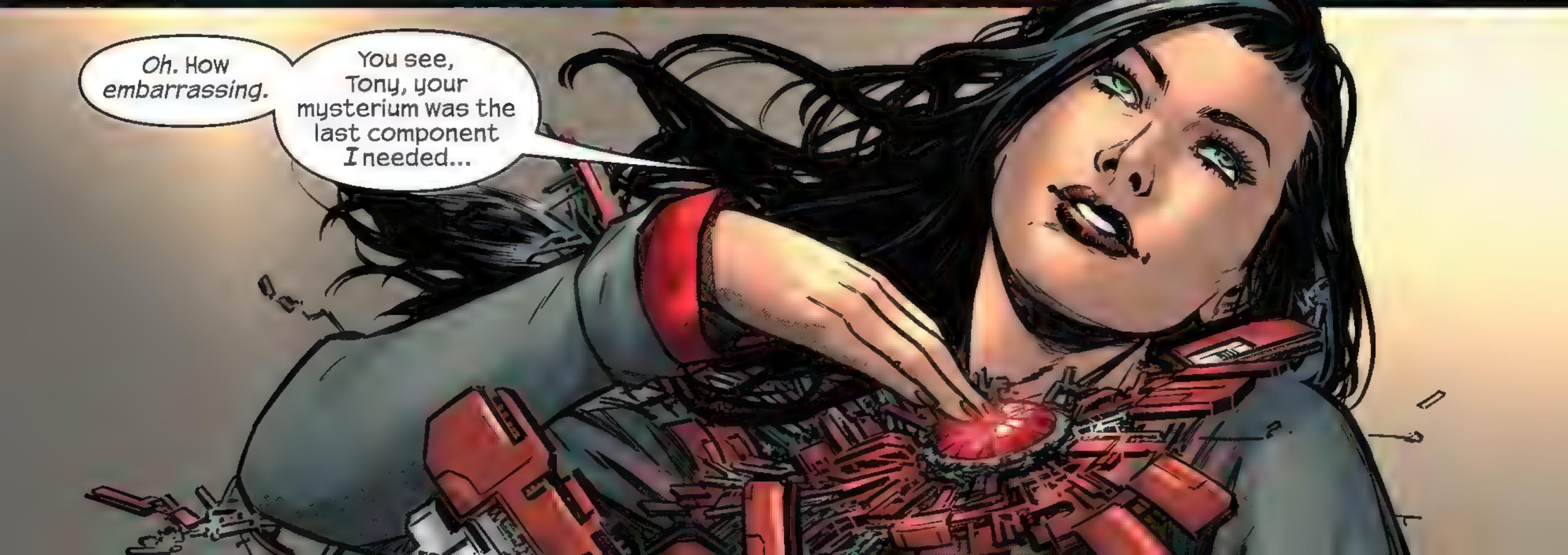


You know what? I don't care.

You want to talk, talk to my mysterium armor.



...My... mysterium... armor...



Oh. How embarrassing.

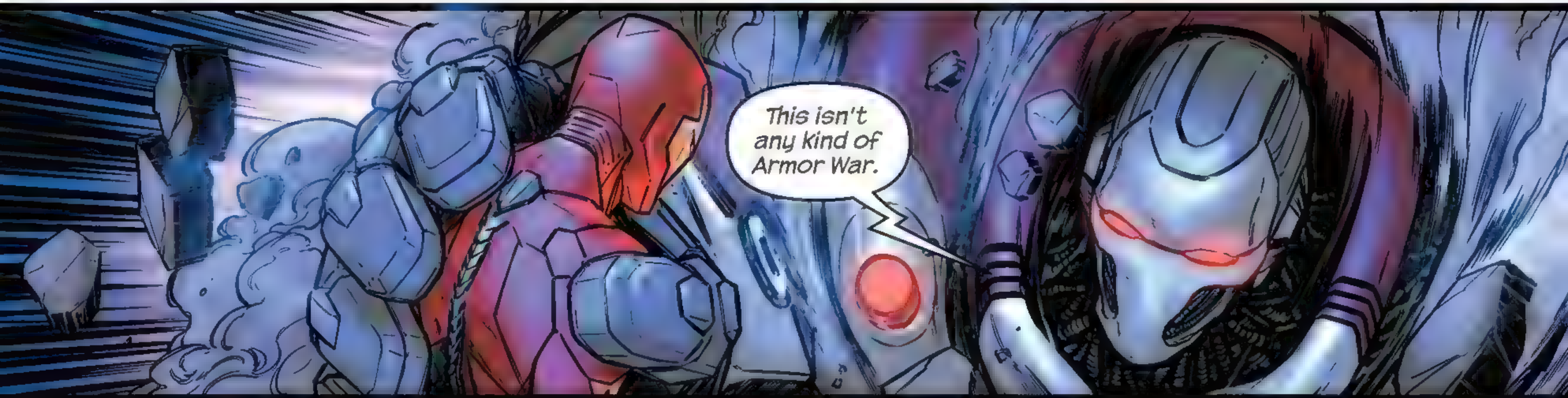
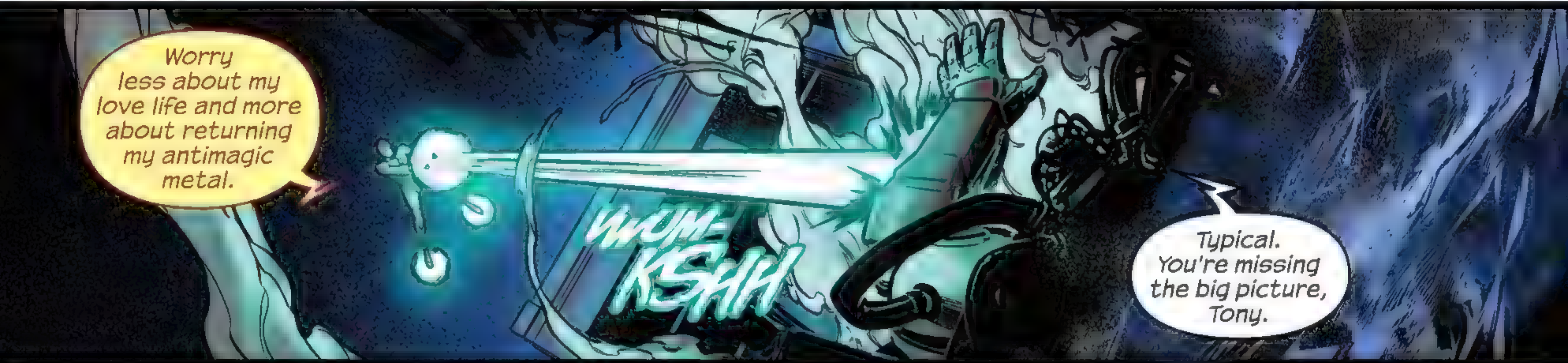
You see, Tony, your mysterium was the last component I needed...

...for the new
**IRON
MONGER.**



Oh no.
Big mech.

Whatever
shall I do?



The world's largest oil company is pretty well-capitalized, Tony. Your board sees that. So picture it.

Roxxon's Enchanting new C.E.O. A.I.M.'s Scientist Supreme. And the sheer innovation of Stark--cornering both the global arms and energy markets.



Feilong gave us our opportunity. He took Stark Unlimited back to its core competency.

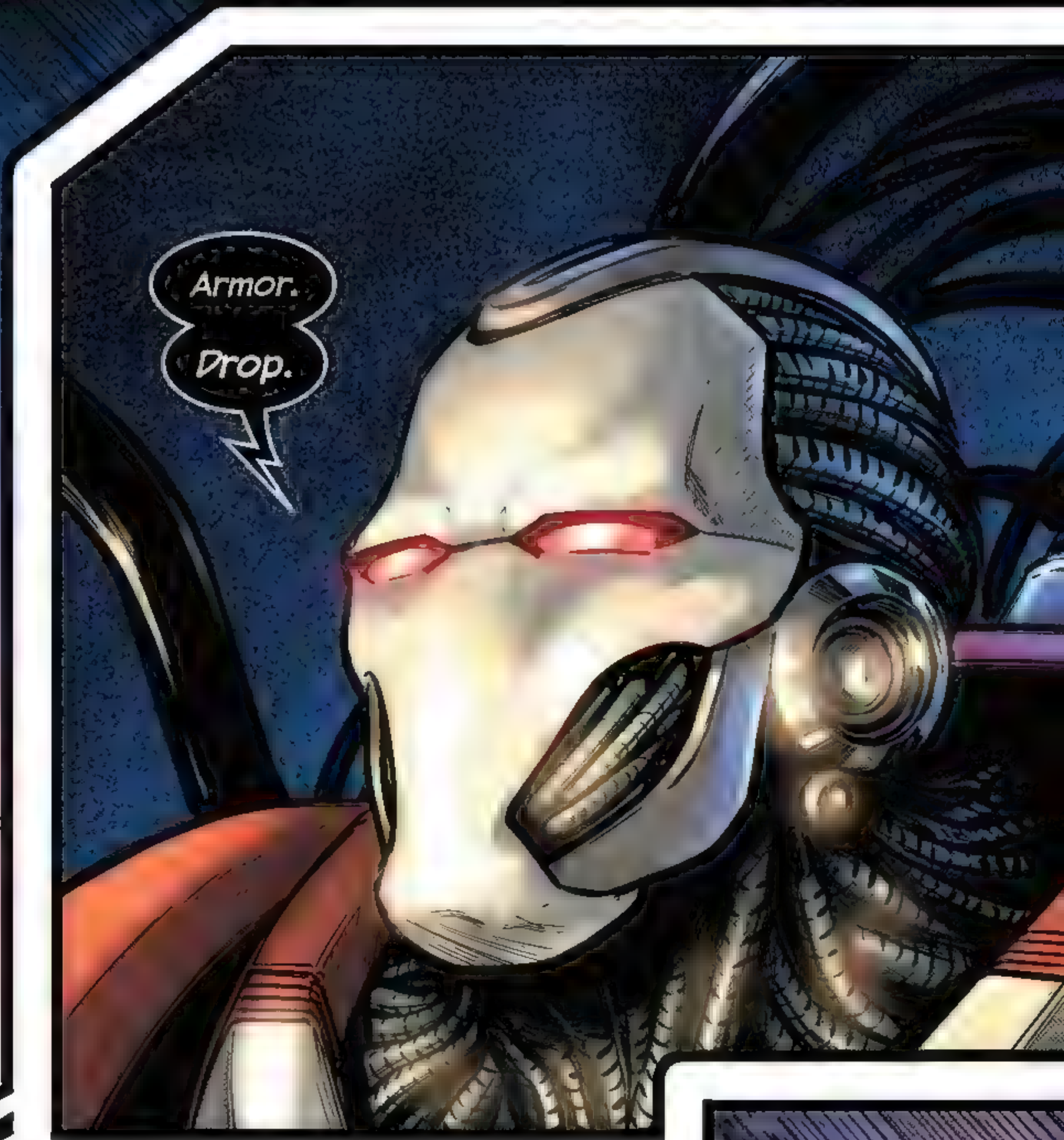
Weapons. Like those. Clever.



But you're still not getting it.

You're beaten. You know why your armor fell out of the sky?

Because I said so.



Armor.

Drop.



Roxxon's extra-dimensional allies added something **magical** to A.I.M. malware. Those B.E.R.Z.E.R.K.E.R.s uploaded it to Stark servers at the Sentinel factory.

If you had only been wearing the mysterium armor then...

CRRRRRRRRR KKKKKKK



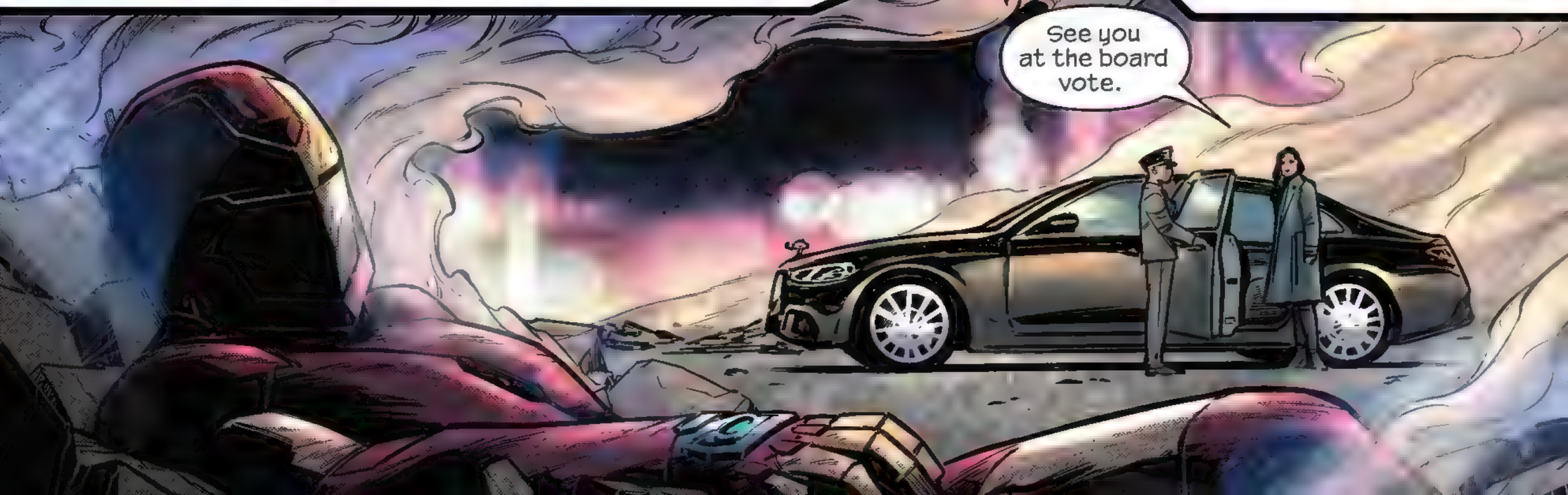
It's a clever worm. Once you ran a global armor update, you made it hungrier.

And now all your little suits are gobbled up.



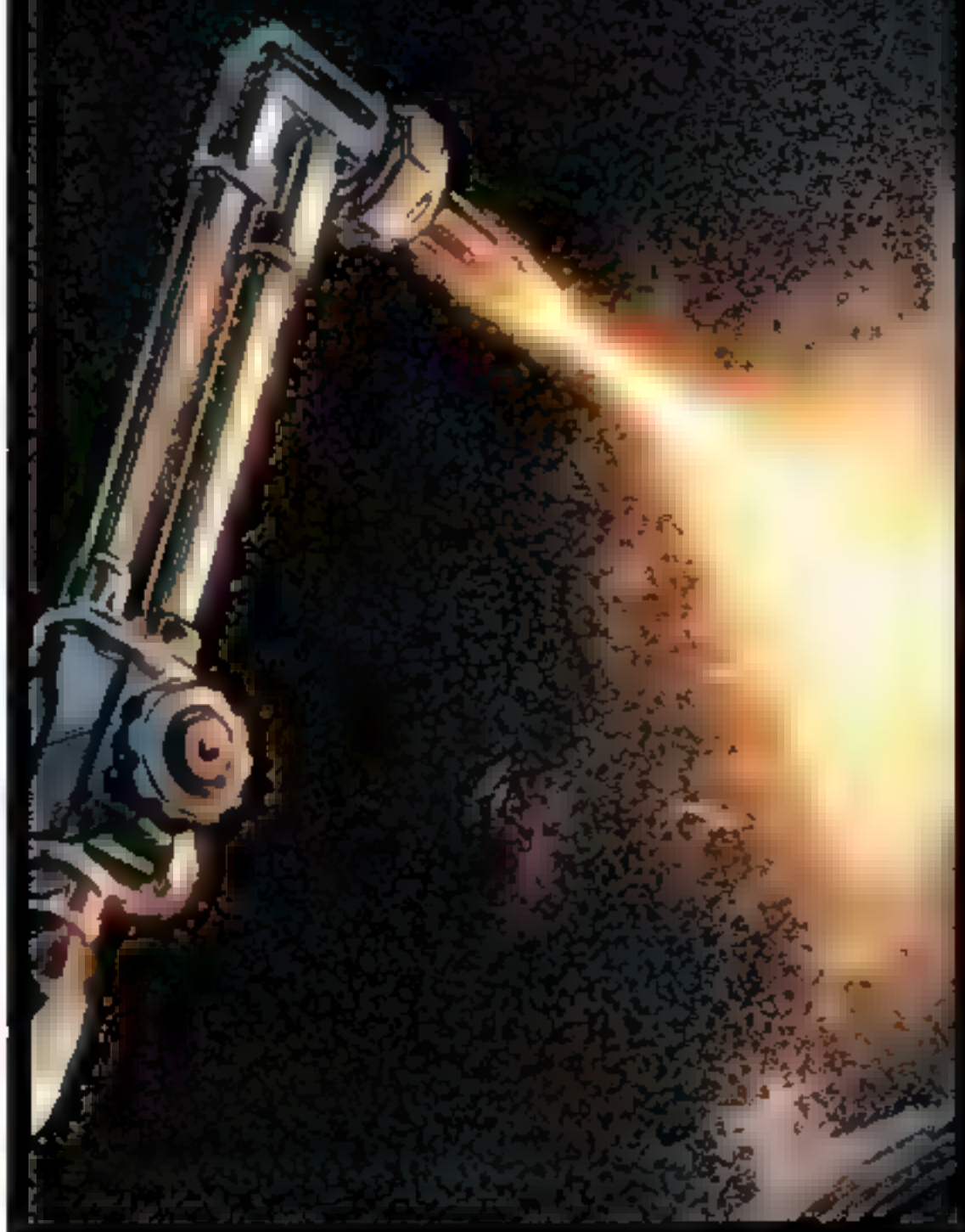
You should really learn some basic magic, Tony. It's a whole new business climate out there.

Even one of your old Avengers allies is with us.

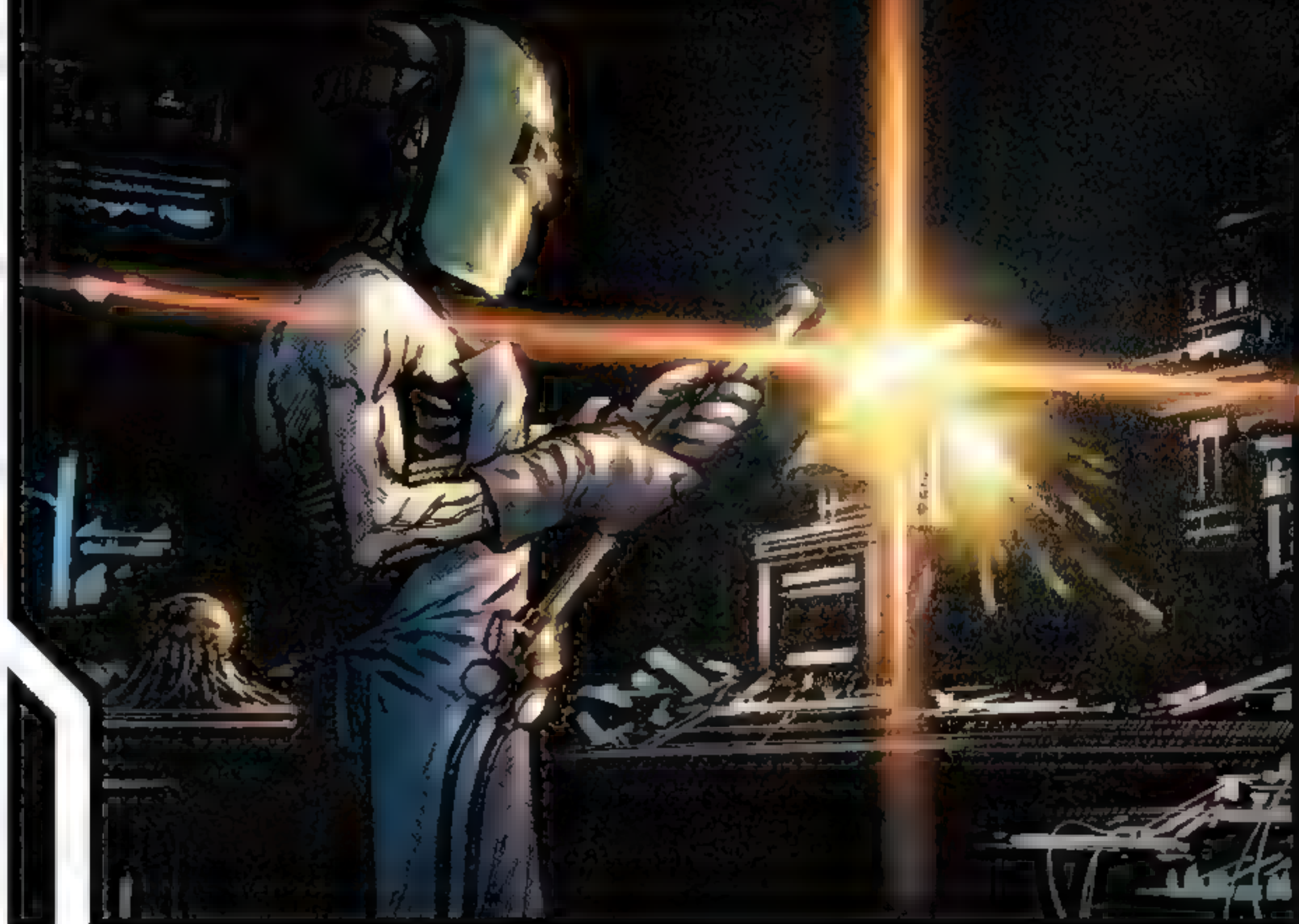


See you at the board vote.

I've spent *way* longer than I want in the hospital.



And I've neglected my company--my *father's* legacy, not just mine--for too long playing super hero.



Justine's wrong. She's about to learn that Roxxon and A.I.M. are *seriously* under-capitalized.

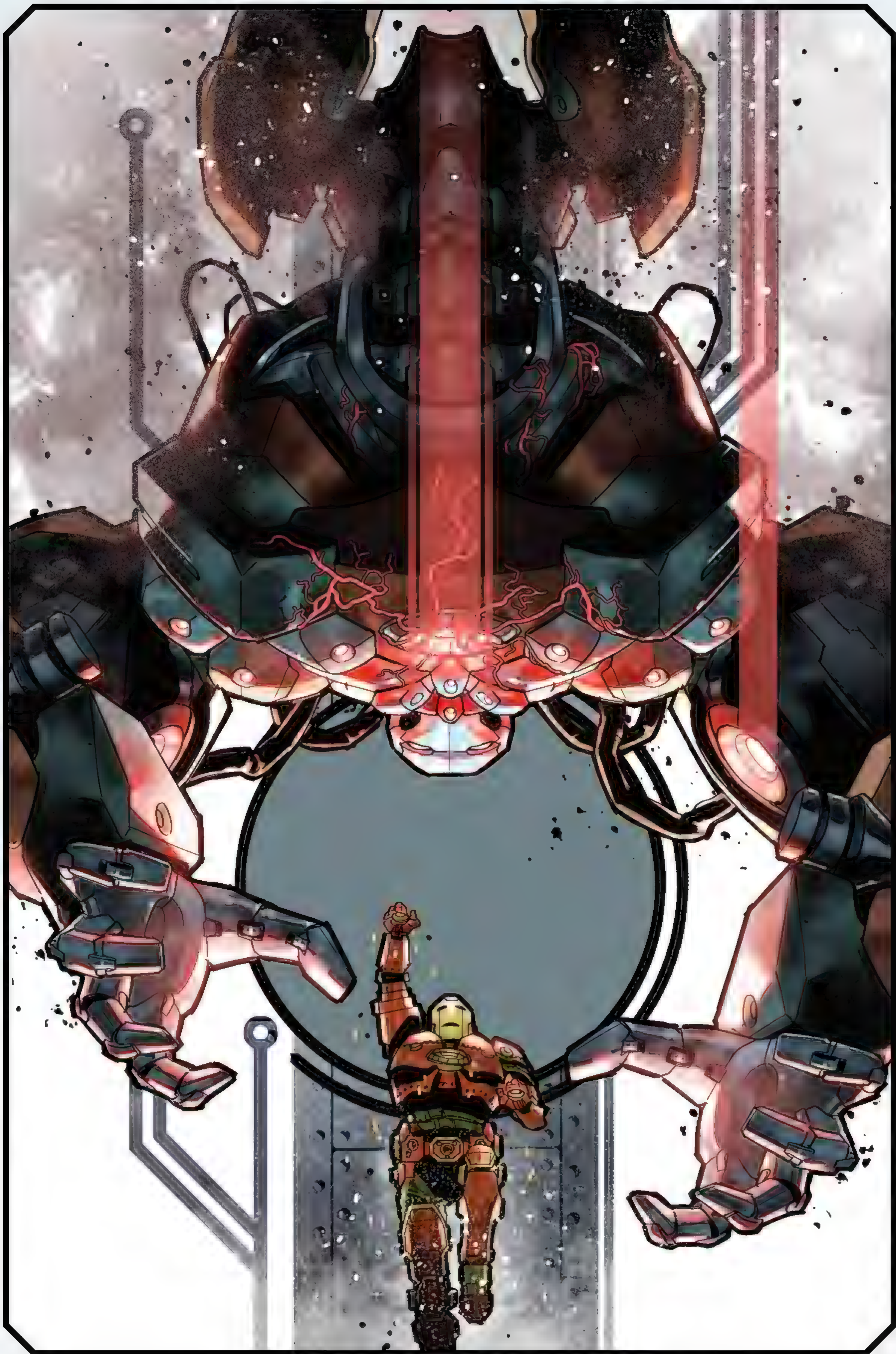


So she beat me in a fight. First time for everything.

Last time for everything.

She said this isn't another armor war. She doesn't know how right she is about that.

All their wealth--*everything* they have--is about to burn. This is--



TWO: MOVE FAST AND BREAK THINGS

"I appreciate you trekking to my office in your condition, Tony, but it's not going to change anything..."

...the Roxxon-A.I.M. acquisition offer is too good to turn down. And frankly, Tony?

You should accept that.

Look at yourself.

"Imagine what you could do with some downtime."

Jack, that's kind of you. But I'm an Avenger. We multitask.

I can convalesce, defeat the occasional extinction-level threat *and* take this company--

--my company--

--to new levels of growth, market cap, and purpose.

But not if you *sell* Stark Unlimited to two entities that *cause* those threats.

That's uncalled for. A.I.M. is in a post-Orchis transition, just like us. We can shape its future from the inside.

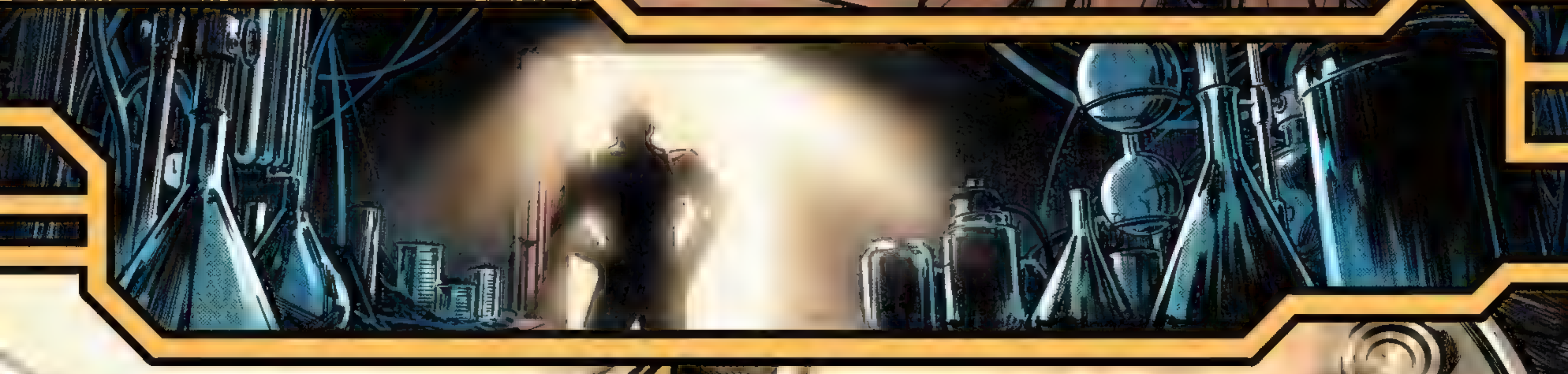
And as for Roxxon, Tony...

"...you're one of the wealthiest men *alive*."

"Since when
are *you* a climate
warrior?"



⚙️ THE
CHIHUAHUA
DESERT.



"Well, we *are* the world's largest clean-energy company. But I'm a *businessman*, Jack. Roxxon is bad business."

"How can the world's largest oil company be *bad business*? They even publish *comics* now, Tony. How could a comics publisher be evil?"

Forget evil, then. Roxxon is taking on a *lot* of debt to finance this acquisition. They can do that because the banks and the Street have confidence in them.

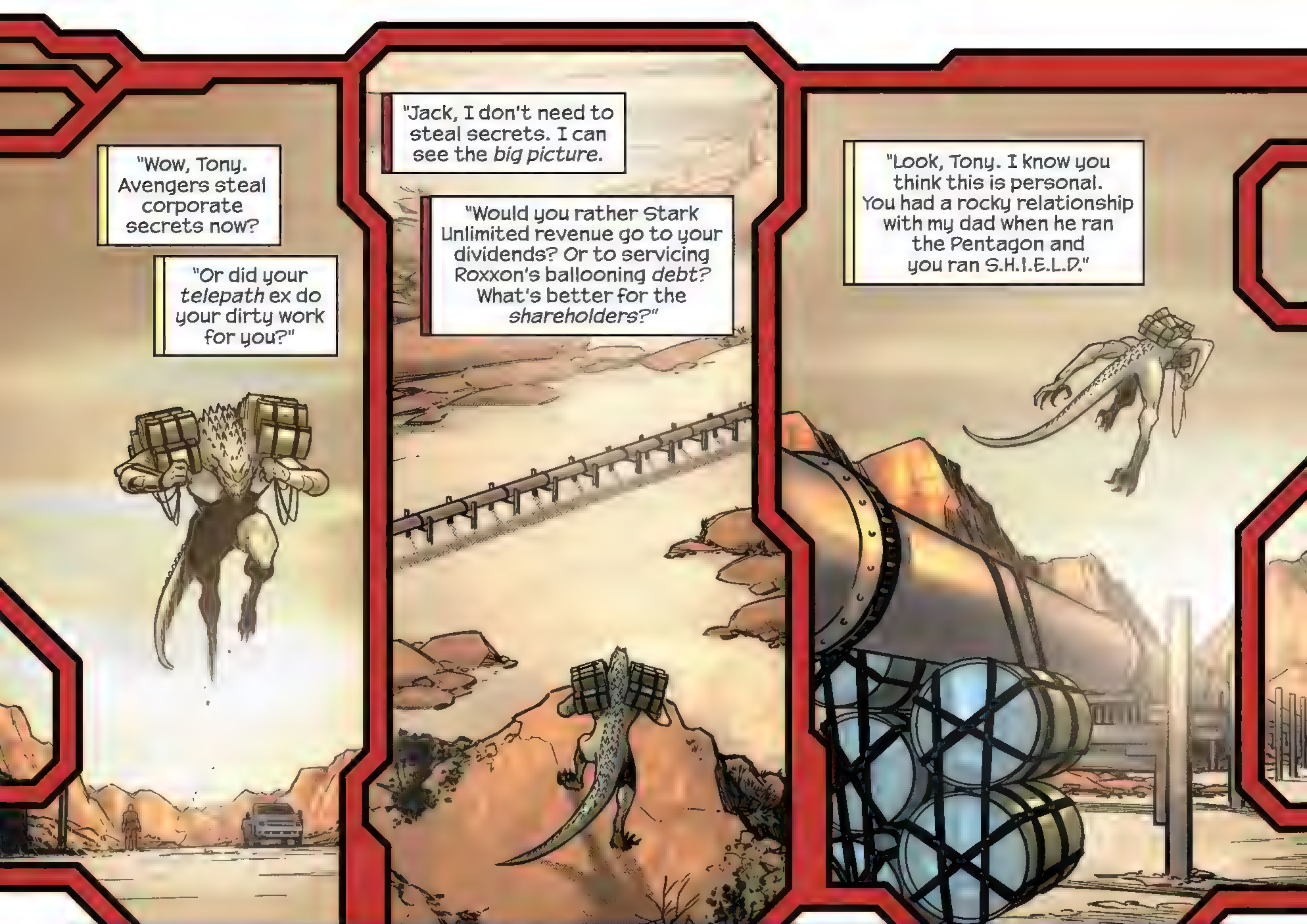
But that confidence is based on a *lie*.

Oh? What lie is that?

"Roxxon's infrastructure has... enormous vulnerabilities."

"Where does it leave you when Roxxon can't get oil and gas to *market*?"





"Wow, Tony. Avengers steal corporate secrets now?"

"Or did your telepath ex do your dirty work for you?"

"Jack, I don't need to steal secrets. I can see the *big picture*."

"Would you rather Stark Unlimited revenue go to your dividends? Or to servicing Roxxon's ballooning *debt*? What's better for the *shareholders*?"

"Look, Tony. I know you think this is personal. You had a rocky relationship with my dad when he ran the Pentagon and you ran S.H.I.E.L.D."



But I'm not my dad.

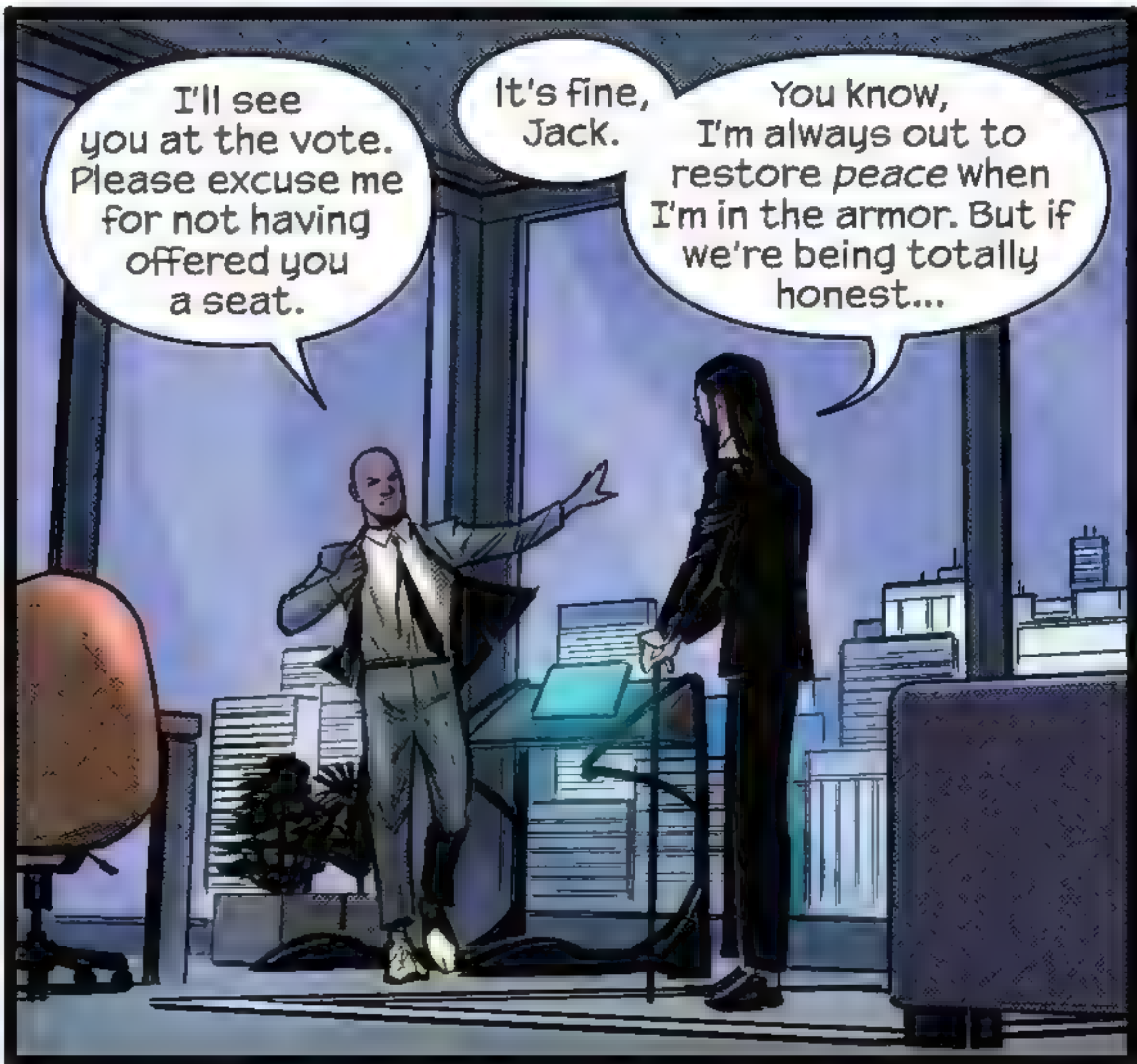
And I'm voting for the merger.

If Roxxon's fundamentals are a lie, it won't be the first or the last lie the Street backs.



With Roxxon, we'll corner the world's energy markets and arms markets. With A.I.M., we'll design the future. That's the *big picture*, Tony.

We do more good that way than by throwing away the world's best weapons designs and telling ourselves that financing *super-hero violence* makes us safe.



I'll see you at the vote. Please excuse me for not having offered you a seat.

It's fine, Jack.

You know, I'm always out to restore *peace* when I'm in the armor. But if we're being totally honest...

"...I'll confess
to some violent
impulses."



"Araoha Tepania?
Tuatara? Big lizard
lady who once held
you prisoner?"

"You're *seriously* telling
me you haven't seen her,
after a *Roxxon* pipeline--"

You know what, Tony, save it. Please sit.

Part of me feels like I should stand at attention with a director of S.H.I.E.L.D. on deck.

Then I remember...

...neither of us are S.H.I.E.L.D. anymore.

And I won't stand at attention for a terrorist.

What were you thinking?

No one would ever say I was one of S.H.I.E.L.D.'s great directors, Melinda. But they all say the Cavalry was one of S.H.I.E.L.D.'s great agents.

Is it good intelligence work to accuse someone of terrorism without evidence, Agent May?

When an agent's suspicions tend to get borne out, then yes, Director, it is.

But that's usually when intelligence work is about what's useful, rather than what's true.

Are you seriously telling me Iron Man didn't blow up a very expensive pipeline at the very moment when your grip on Stark Unlimited depends on Roxxon being too undercapitalized to acquire us?

"There's footage of *Tuatara* at the pipeline, not me. But in your mind, I helped her?"

"Look at me, Melinda. Can I really be Iron Man in this condition?"

So if we've cleared up that nonsense, can I count on the Cavalry to help me beat back the super villains coming for two generations of Stark technology?



I'm sorry, Tony. But I'm only one vote.

Look. I'll still be board chair. I'll be a brake on *Justine Hammer*, *Roxxon*, and *A.I.M.* From the *inside*.

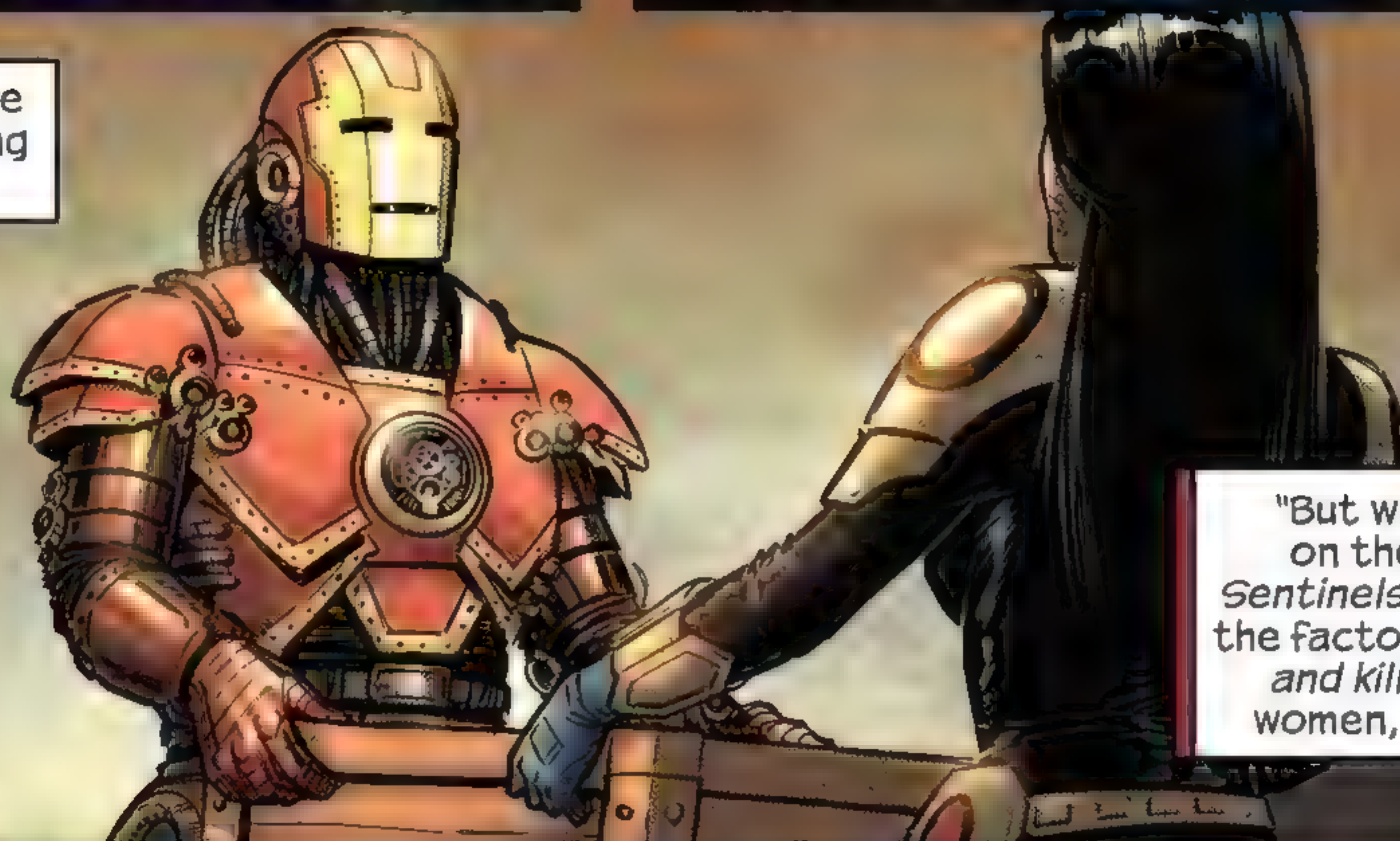
That was what I did when *Feilong* put me on the board.



That man had some truly perverse ideas that stayed on the drawing board. But I upheld S.H.I.E.L.D.'S traditions.

I can uphold yours here, too. And your father's.

"Melinda...I'm sure you did everything you *could*."



"But while you were on the board, the *Sentinels* kept rolling off the factory lines. To hunt and kill mutant men, women, and children."



Excuse me? What are you implying, Tony?

Nothing, Melinda. I'm pointing out that dismantling the machine from inside doesn't have the best track record.

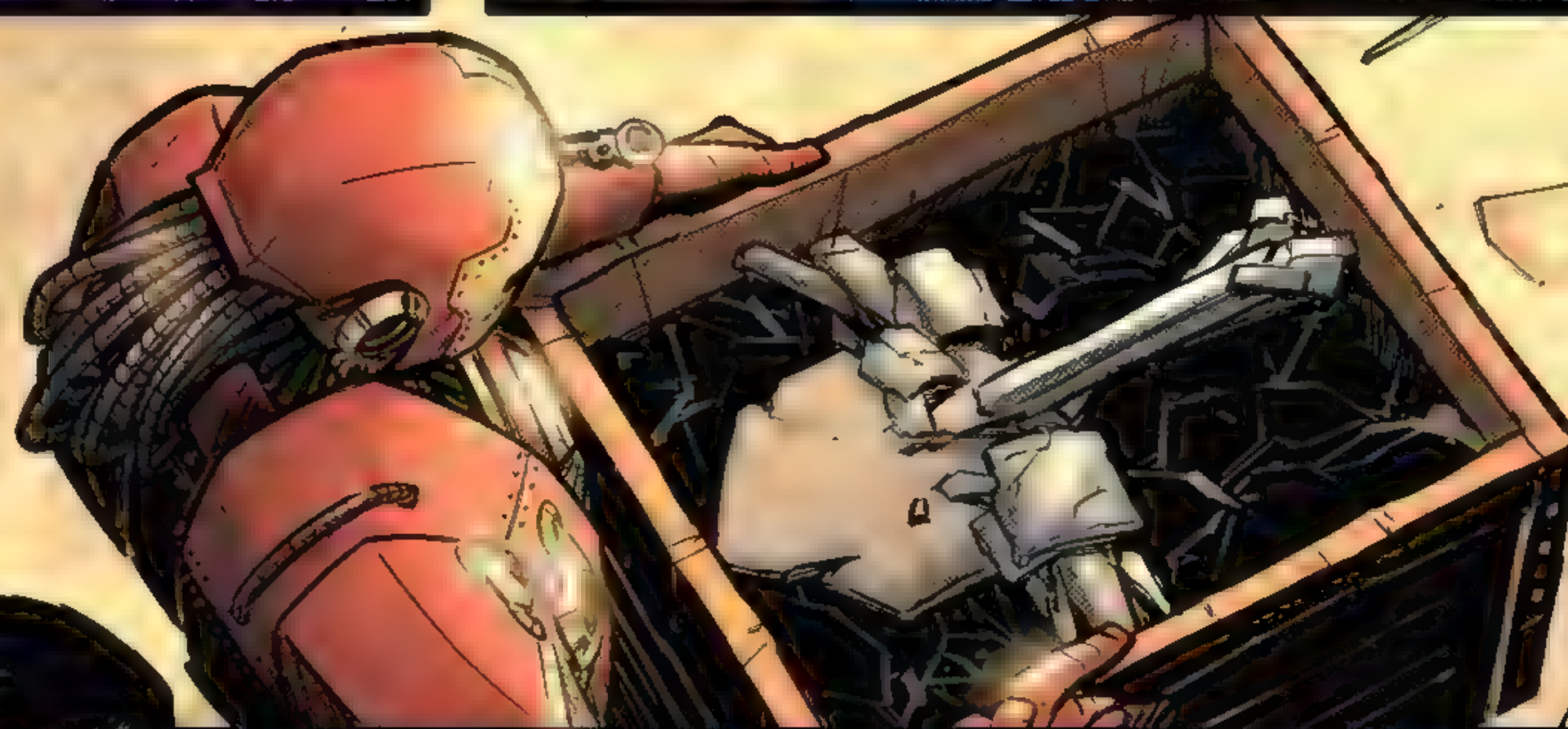
You think I'm like *Orchis*? How dare you!

This, from the director who left S.H.I.E.L.D. vulnerable to the *Skrull* invasion!

I'm not saying you're *Orchis*. I'm saying...



"...when the *Cavalry* was inside *Feilong*'s boardroom, you didn't exactly take *Orchis* down, did you?"



But I suppose that *also* upholds S.H.I.E.L.D.'s traditions. Save the world, but ignore the atrocities.

Where were you when their babies were burning?

ASPEN, COLORADO.

So...that was pretty self-sabotaging.

I had one potential ally for this vote. One person who might have rallied the board against Roxxon and A.I.M. And I threw whatever she was trying to do against Feilong in her face.

Now I'm caught out in the cold ahead of the vote.

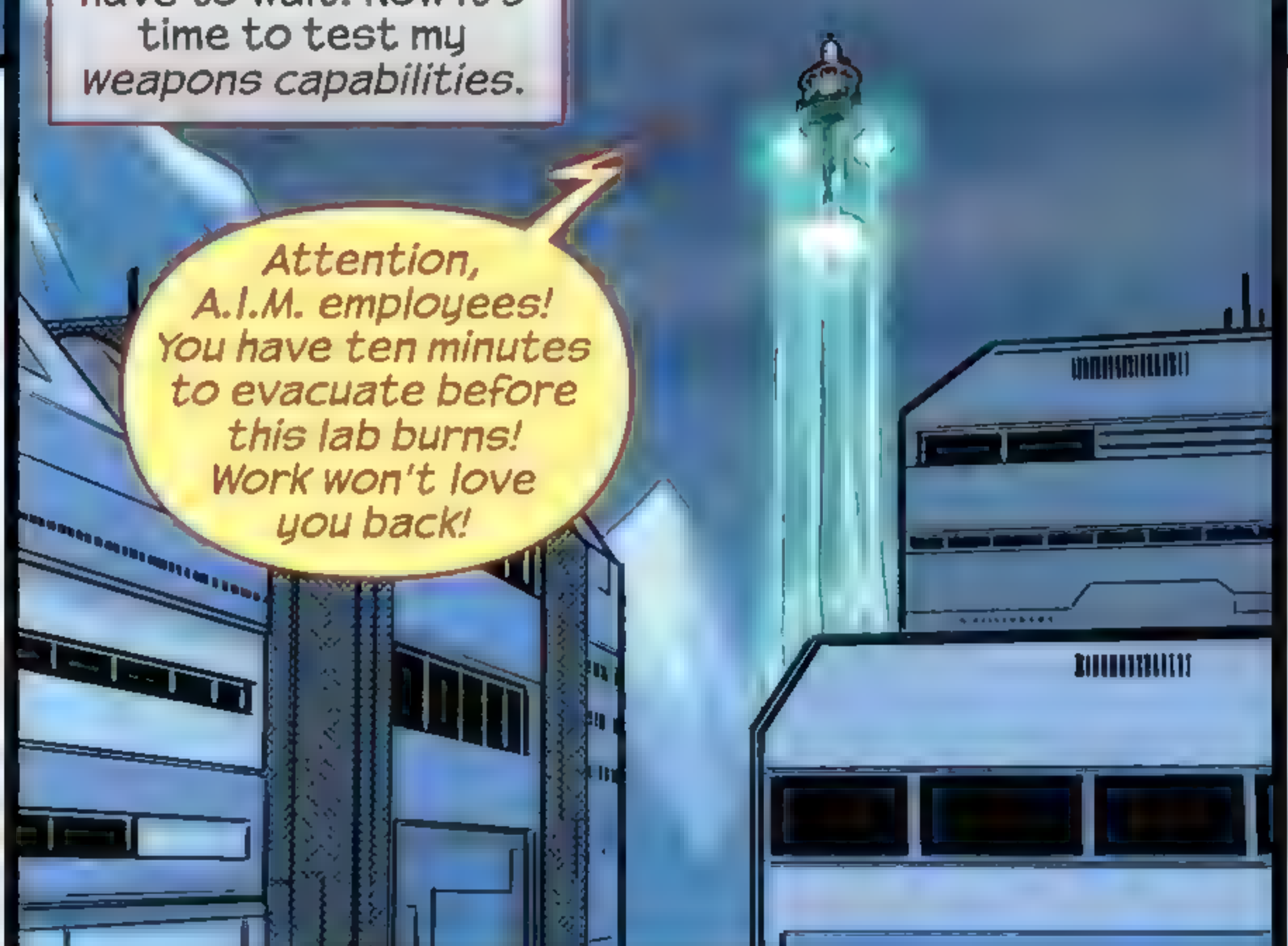


That's not just a metaphor. I'm cold.

I threw this armor together in a rush. After Justine Hammer bricked all my suits, I had to work with what I could salvage from them. Fast.

Climate controls will have to wait. Now it's time to test my weapons capabilities.

Attention, A.I.M. employees! You have ten minutes to evacuate before this lab burns! Work won't love you back!



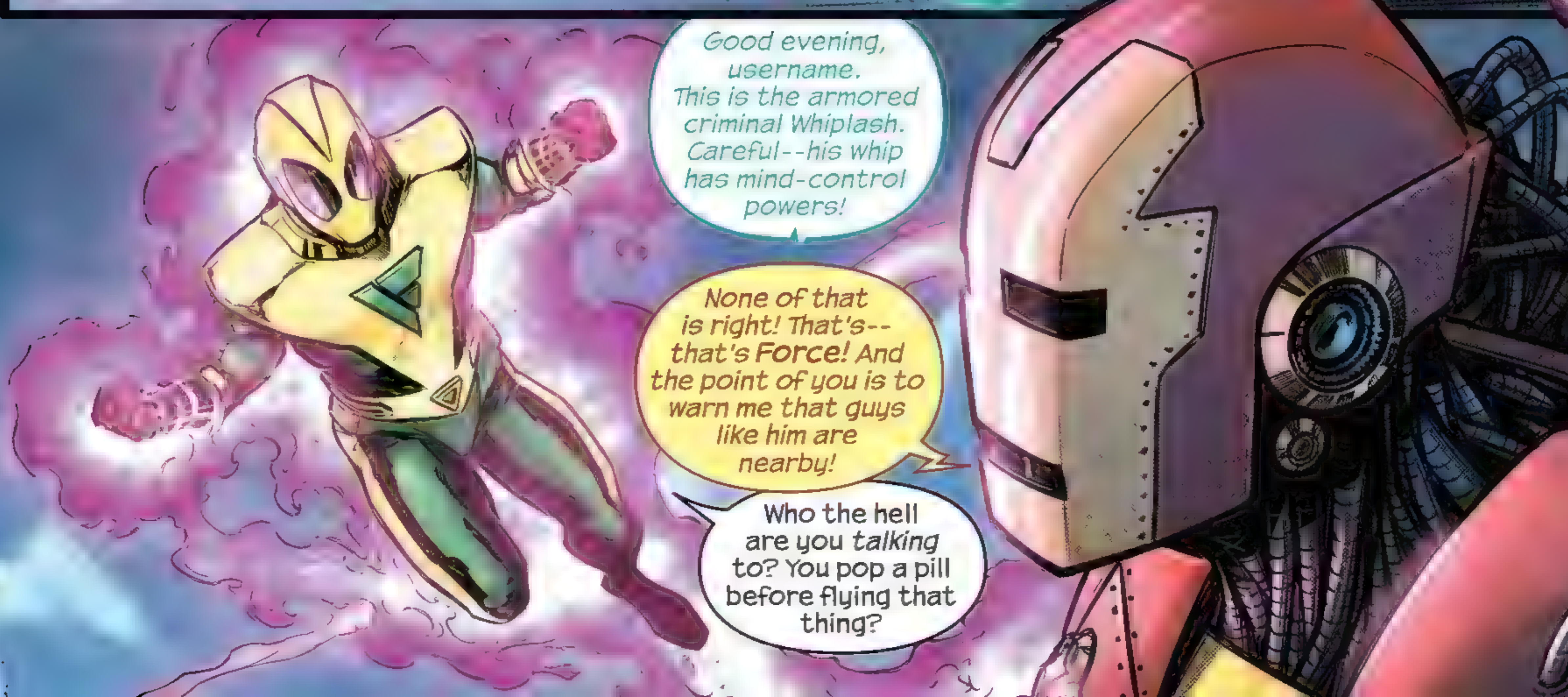
These nerds are super villains. I don't need to pay a lizard monster to blow up their--

Whoa! Iron.GPT, sitrep!

Good evening, username. This is the armored criminal Whiplash. Careful--his whip has mind-control powers!

None of that is right! That's--that's Force! And the point of you is to warn me that guys like him are nearby!

Who the hell are you talking to? You pop a pill before flying that thing?





I wish. I've fallen out of the sky twice and won't take more than 600 mg of ibuprofen.

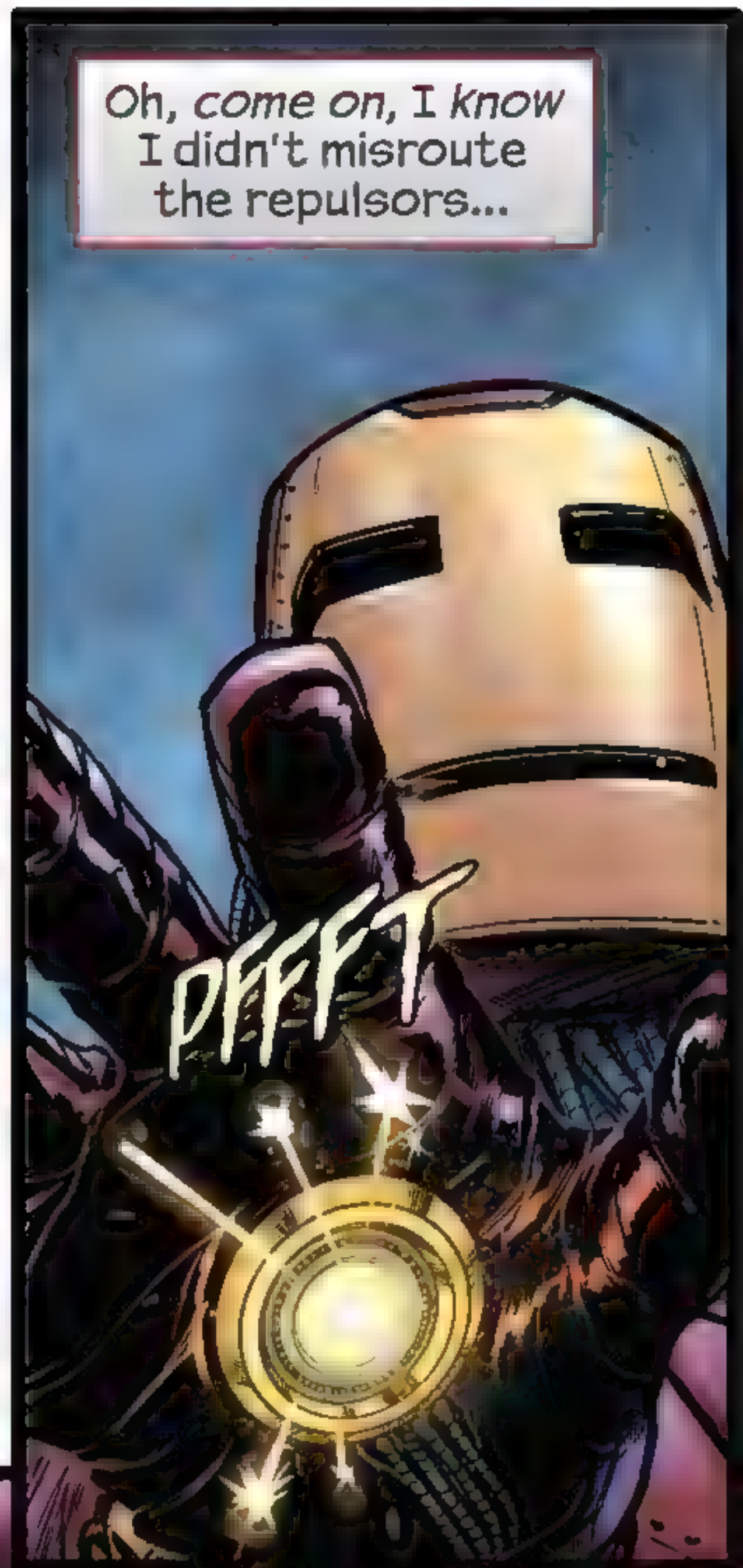
Is that you, Carl?

Who the #&%& is Carl?



And who the #&%& are you? They told me I was gonna fight Iron Man!

Welcome to the Show, New Guy.



Oh, come on, I know I didn't misroute the repulsors...



Unnnnhhh!

Iron Man's armor #&%& works, #&%&!

Ow. Okay. Plan B.

When Tuatara brought me Roxxon's plating shards, I had an idea.

Wait'll this chump sees--

Mister Stark!!!



I'm Monica Rappaccini's scheduler! The Scientist Supreme would like to host you for lunch in our executive atrium!

What?!

What?!



Right this way.

Wow. Is this a Frank Gehry?

No...

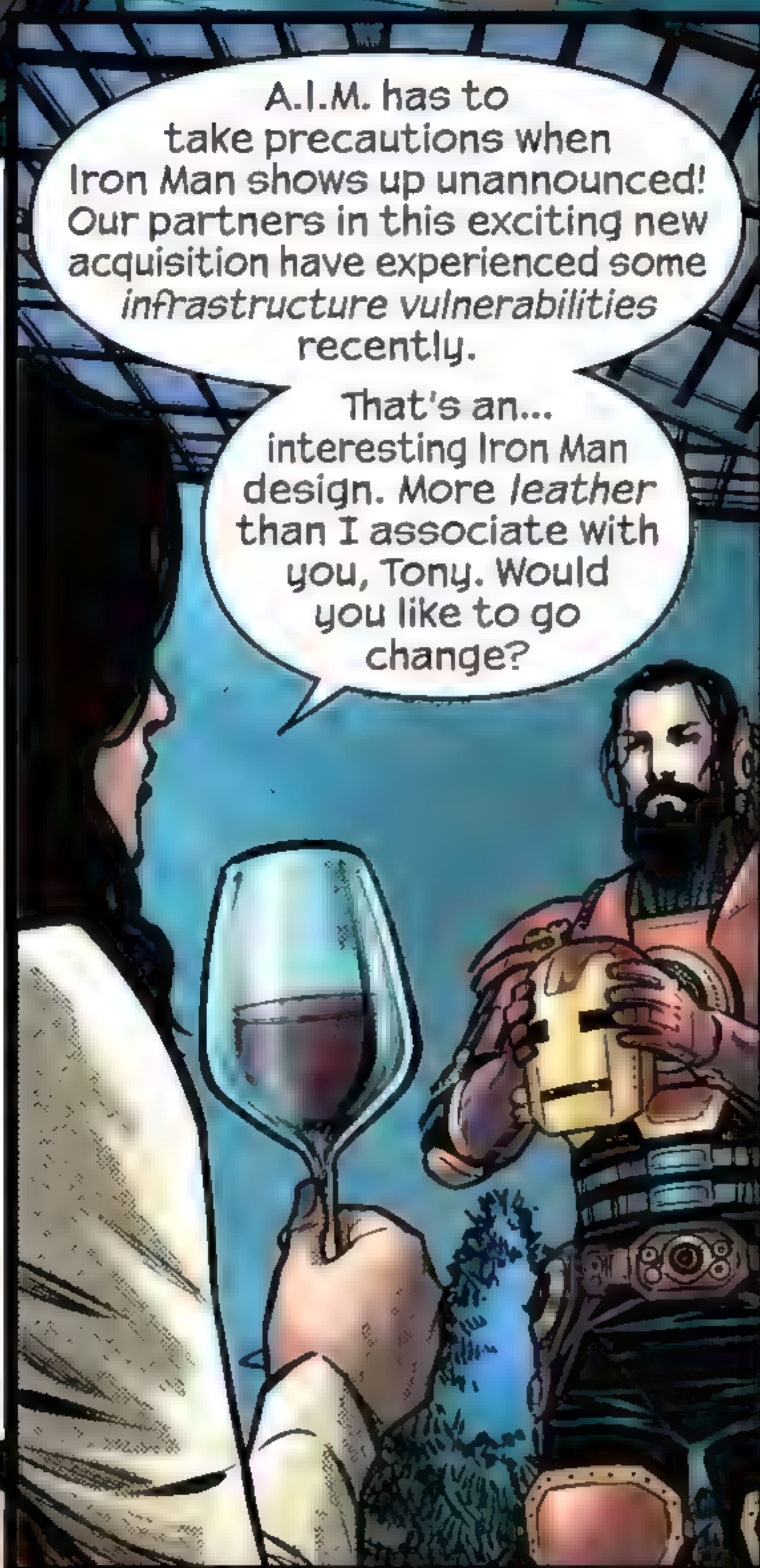


...it's a me.

Tony, come, join me. Order omakase.

Everything chef prepares was swimming in the Sea of Japan this morning.

Omakase sounds delightful, Monica. Much better than fighting your armored goon.



A.I.M. has to take precautions when Iron Man shows up unannounced! Our partners in this exciting new acquisition have experienced some *infrastructure vulnerabilities* recently.

That's an... interesting Iron Man design. More leather than I associate with you, Tony. Would you like to go change?



You can call this the *Improvised Iron Man*. And if you'll pardon me, I'll eat in the suit. Experience tells me taking it off in the lair of a mad scientist is something I'd regret.

We'll both do the omakase. And bring him a hot towel.

I'm just teasing, Tony. Justine told me about your second fall. You've got to stop doing this to yourself.

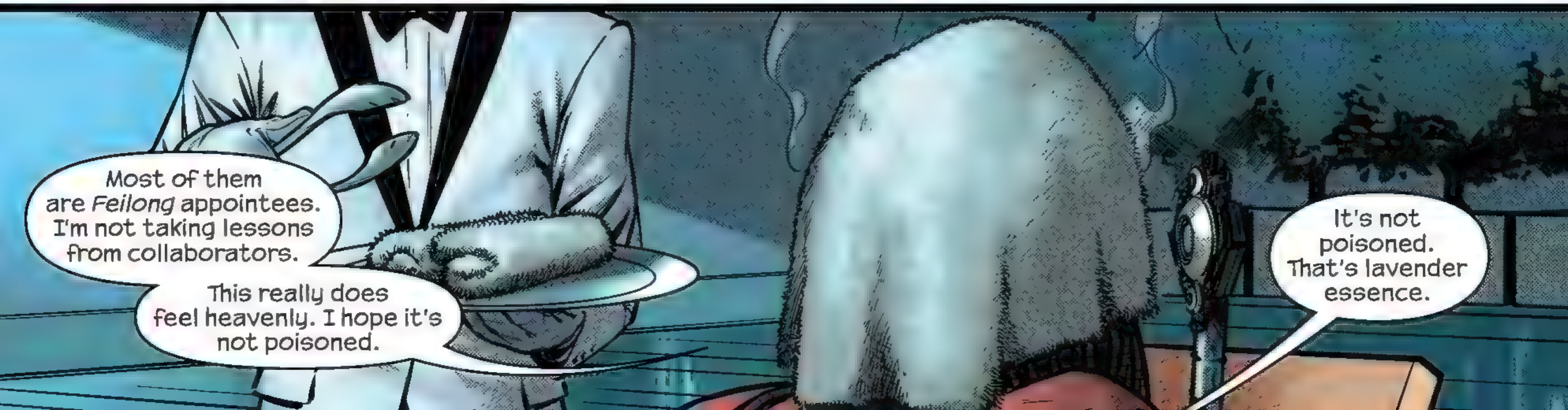


You're pitching me on quitting?

Because I fell out of the sky twice, got out of the hospital twice, and got right back into an armor I hammered together while I was still in traction. This is what we call a *clue*, Dr. Rappaccini.

Stop trying to steal my company.

Tony, it's not stealing if we're *paying* you. Perhaps your board's openness to removing you from Stark Unlimited is *also* a clue.



Most of them are *Feilong* appointees. I'm not taking lessons from collaborators.

This really does feel heavenly. I hope it's not poisoned.

It's not poisoned. That's lavender essence.



We're not trying to kill you, Tony. I suppose Justine is. But A.I.M. isn't.

I'm not.

Imagine the walls of this building lined with generations of Iron Man armor. We tell the story of this new company through Iron Man iterations.



The Iron Man patents...they have a value beyond money. Just think about what we could do-- together.

About that, Monica.

I'm sure Justine made all kinds of promises. But there's simply no way Roxxon--no way a Hammer--is going to let A.I.M. control the designs of my armor, let alone the patents.



Perhaps. Roxxon has been refreshingly collaborative so far though. They added the extradimensional undetectability to our armor-killer exploit.

The Orchis debacle showed that A.I.M. can't be someone's junior partner. My colleagues in the legal department tell me boardroom deals get negotiated until the last minute.

When the smoke clears, who's to say A.I.M. won't end up with Stark and Roxxon?



The new company will honor you, Tony. I'm disappointed in your mad-scientist remark. A futurist like you sh--

Anthony?

Right, well. A.I.M. didn't have anyone who could mystically patch a spell from a nether-realm onto a piece of software...

So Roxxon provided us with what we'd call a technician. And I understand you know one another!



DOCTOR DRUID!

You're the traitor Justine told me about???

Forgive me, Iron Man! I'm not doing this by choice!











I'm not listening to you!!!

Or maybe you also need to hit someone?

You always seem to find someone to hit.

Get away from me!!!

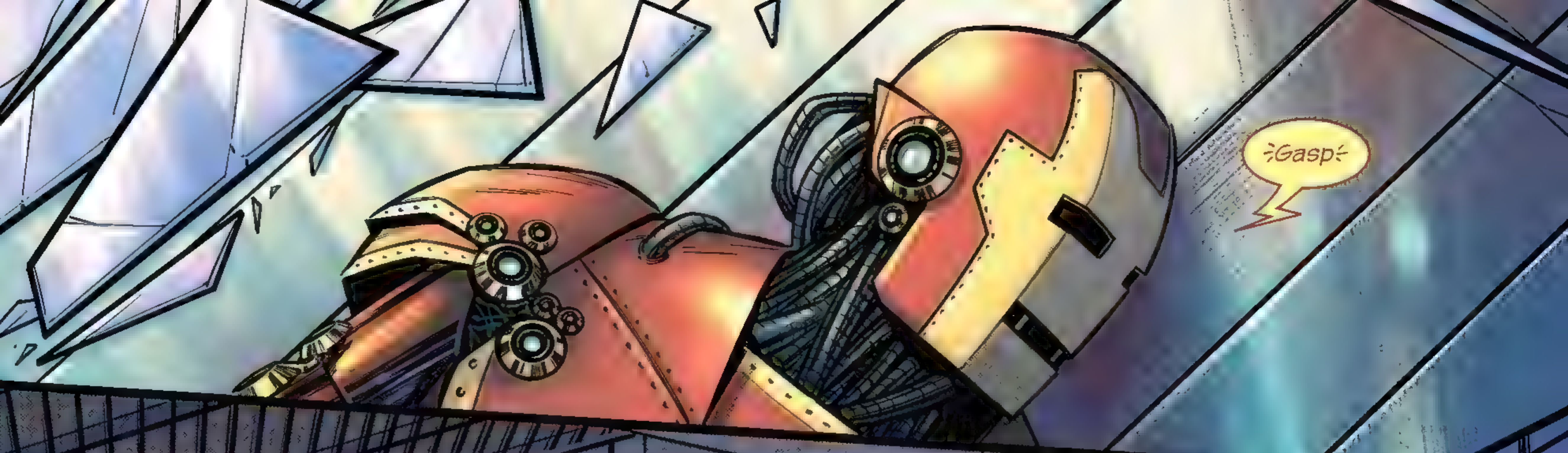
You can make me go away.

Will you?

Or do you need me to stay an option?

This isn't real!
I'm not who you say I am!

AND YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!!!



~Gasp~

Lggghhh... I definitely remember *this* feeling from drinking. Not the hangover as much as the *shame*.

Is that smell...me?
How long did Druid trap me in my mind?

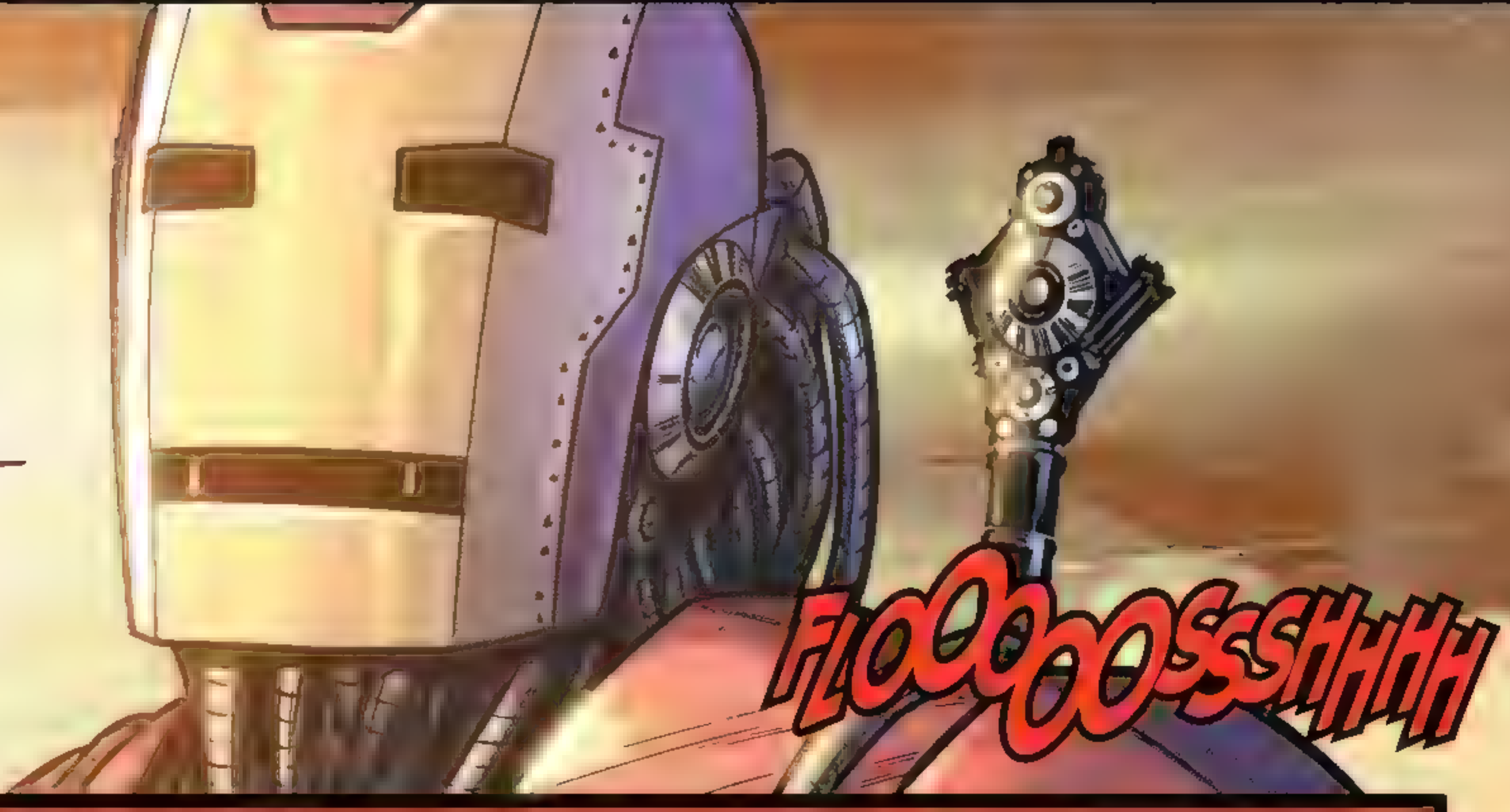
Iron.GPT,
did I miss the
board vote on the
Roxxon-A.I.M.
merger?!



No,
username.

You still have
45 minutes before
you have to be in
New York.

45 minutes???



I found a
course over Alaska
that will get us there
tomorrow. You should
probably get
airborne!

Oh, #s%o&,
he's awake.
Hey!
Dispatch!
Iron Man's
awake!





You're not airborne, username. That's going to impact your flight time.

You know what, belay that! I'm not gonna need help here!

I have to cut and run. The board vote is my priority. And I'll be pushing this armor to its limits to fly there in time.

But #\$/%& this guy.

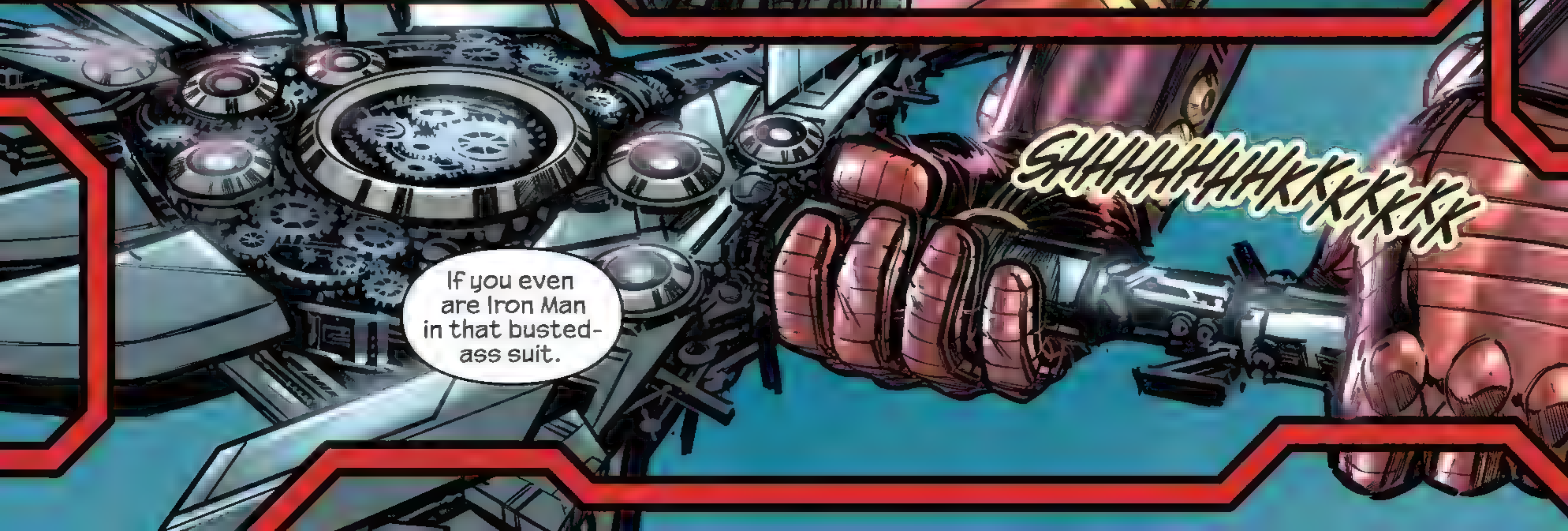
No repulsors? Fine. Roxxon's own innovations inspired this one.

Their pipelines don't use bends--they fabricated a kind of retractable steel plating connected by plastic flexors.

In other words?

Iron Maaaaaan... Come out to playyyyyyyyyyy... Heh heh heh...

If you even are Iron Man in that busted-ass suit.



SHRHHHHKKKKKK



Come find out.

I blew up their pipeline and used it to build a giant \$&%# sword.



#1 VARIANT BY SUMIT KUMAR



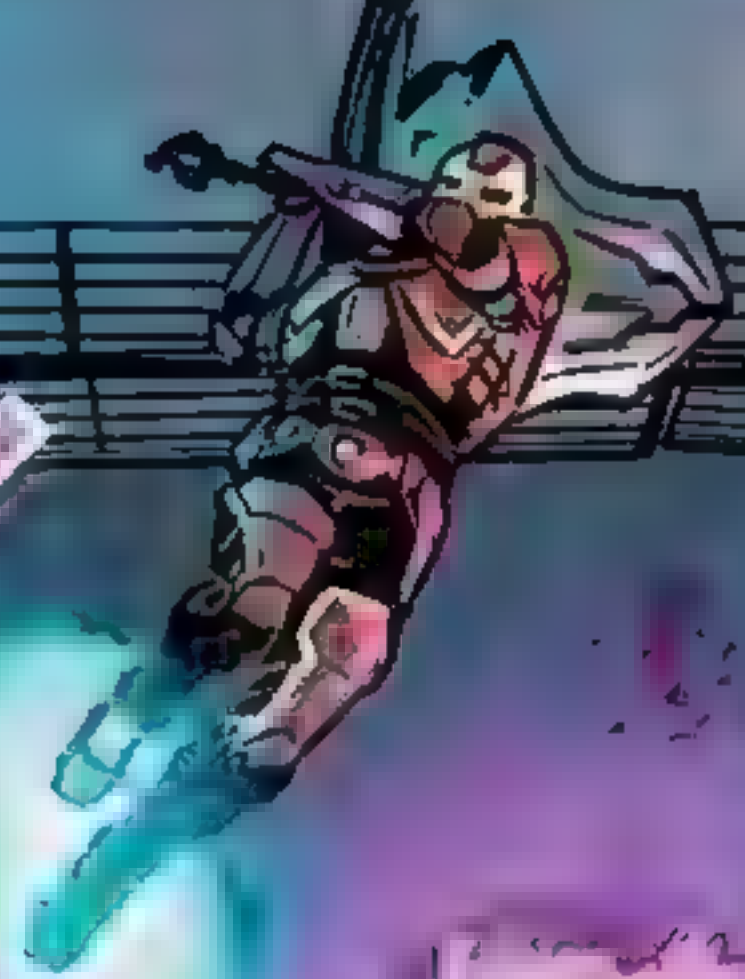
THREE: ORGANIZED CRIME



"Members of the *Stark Unlimited* board,
thank you for seeing the vision behind
what we're here today to accomplish.



"To join Stark with
Roxxon and with *A.I.M.* is
not a *business* venture.



"It is an act
upon *history*.



"What we do today
severs this world
from the ties of a
dead order...



FWOON

"...and points the way to the next.

"One where the productive forces of society unleash the potential of this world.

"Once we complete this deal, Stark-Roxxon-- should we call it *Starxxon*?"

"AHAHAHAHA!!!"

"*Starxxon* will be the world's largest energy corporation, spanning fossil fuels to renewables. Here's to green capitalism!"

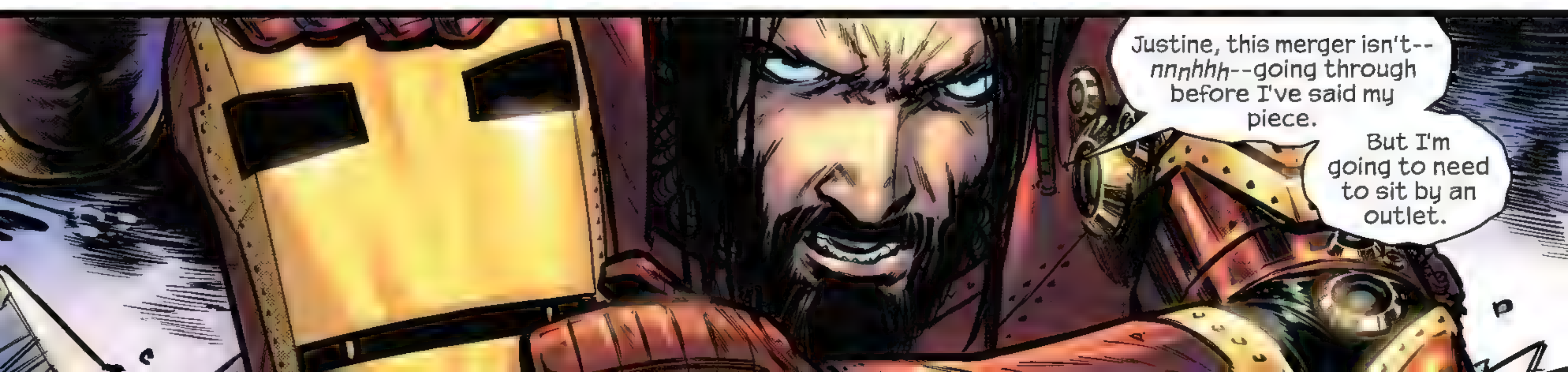
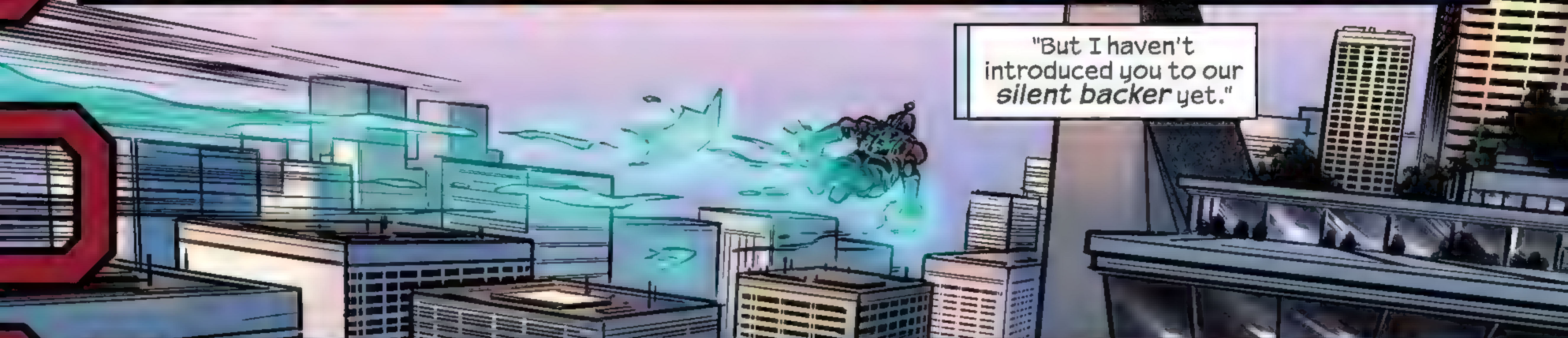
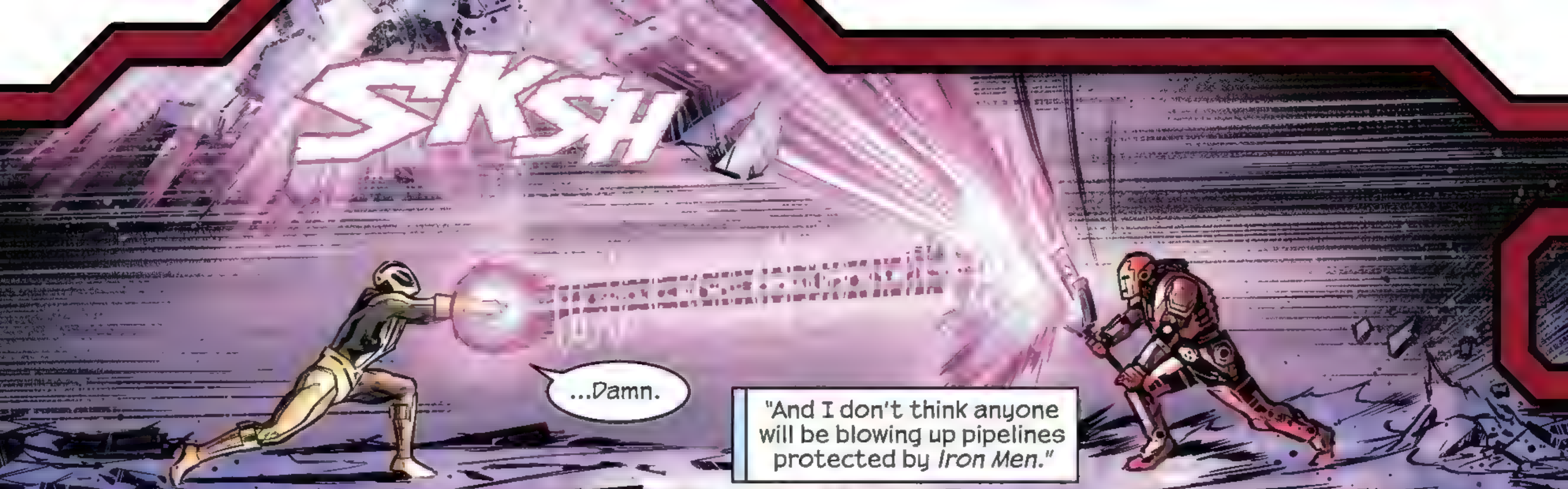
"HAHAHAHA!!!"

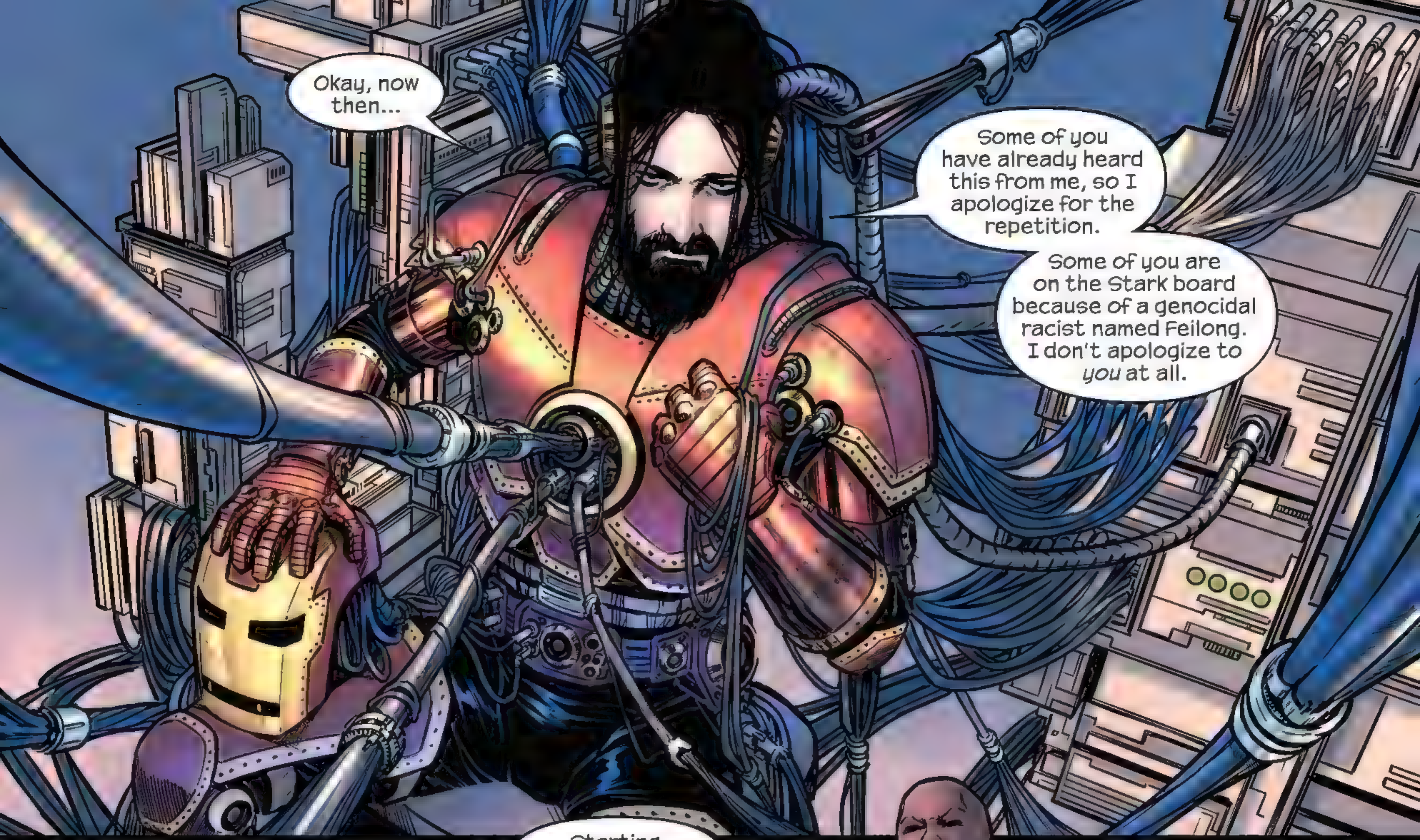
"The world's unchallengeable energy giant will also be the world's premier weapons manufacturer.

"Think about what that means.

"We will be in position to dictate terms. To our competitors, yes. But also to governments.

"We'll be deeper than every Deep State. As their suppliers.





Okay, now then...

Some of you have already heard this from me, so I apologize for the repetition.

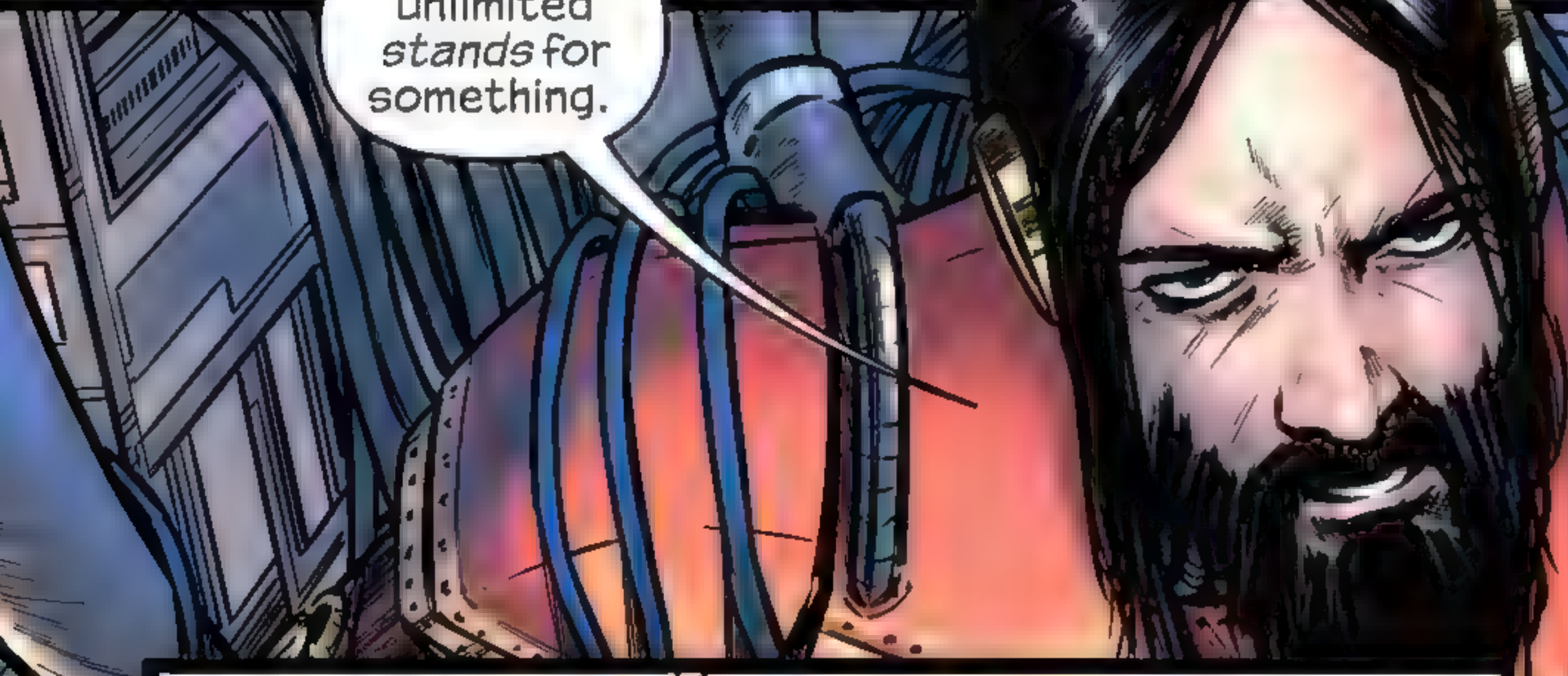
Some of you are on the Stark board because of a genocidal racist named Feilong. I don't apologize to *you* at all.

Starting off strong, Tone. Keep it up.



Love your energy, Jack Junior. Anyway.

Stark Unlimited stands for something.



The *boldness* to solve problems, not manage them. Or *avenge* them.

Through old-fashioned ingenuity, we rise above and show what the future can offer.

We make things. We don't acquire our way to growth.

We correct our mistakes. We stopped making weapons and scaled up zero-emission energy.

Stark Unlimited has *global strategic importance*. Roxxon and A.I.M. aren't just taking a company backwards. They're endangering the world.



But I get the sense you *know* that.

So know *this* too:

I can't stop you from voting for the merger. But sooner or later...

...I will stop you.



An outrage--

--threaten us like that--

--his father would never have--

So now an Avenger is shaking us down, Tony?

Colleagues. Please.



This must be difficult for Tony.

Let me close by detailing a perk offered by our *silent partner*.

Membership on the *Starxxon* board guarantees access to a *higher plane of existence*.



Through our broker, Dr. Anthony *Druid*, we have contacted *entrepreneurs* from a...distant land.

They seek a local trading partner for what I understand is a *potent* product. Our proposed merger offers them the *scale* they seek.



They have offered to immunize *all* *Starxxon* board members from the...potentially *controversial* effects of their product.

This immunity *guarantees* we will prosper from their local operations.



I'm living proof of their power.

Roxxon worked with these benefactors to restore me from *death*. All to take this company--and each other--to unimaginable heights.



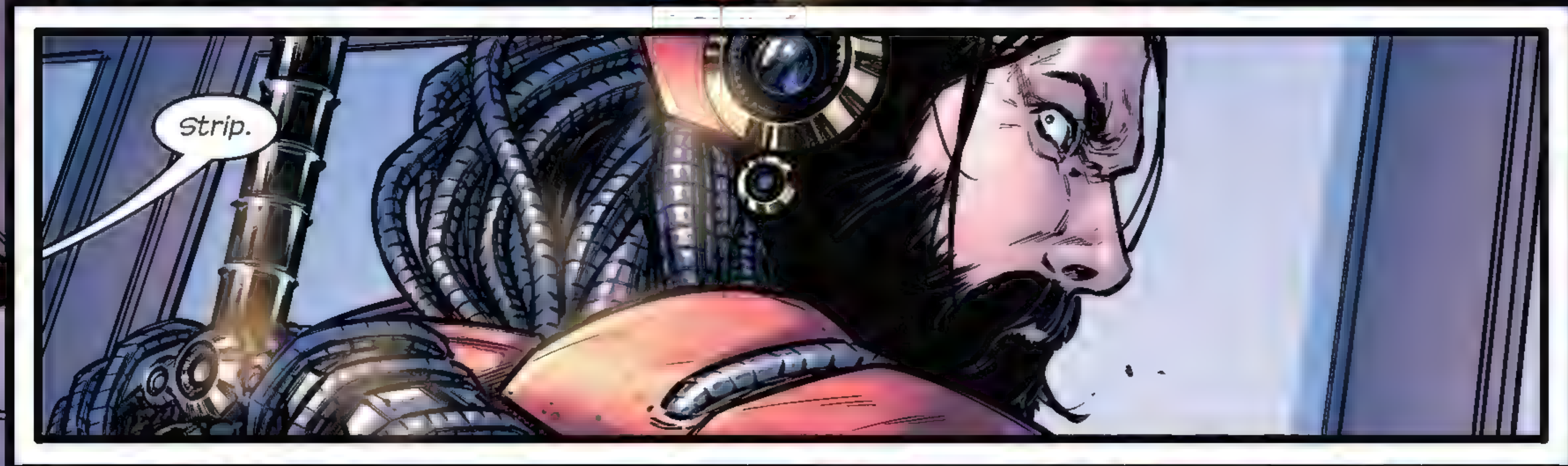
This isn't a red flag to anyone else?

Or could she wave one hundred red flags and it wouldn't matter?



I'd advise against partnering with creatures from netherrealms who promise unlimited power. But you guys seem pretty set on this.

Let's call the vote.





Excuse me?

The *Improvised Iron Man* may not be your best work. But like everything you make, it is now property of *Starxxon*.

Take it off.



Sue us. We'll countersue. And *injunct* you from using *Starxxon* property.

Yeah. You're making it really clear we're not settling this in court, *Monica*.



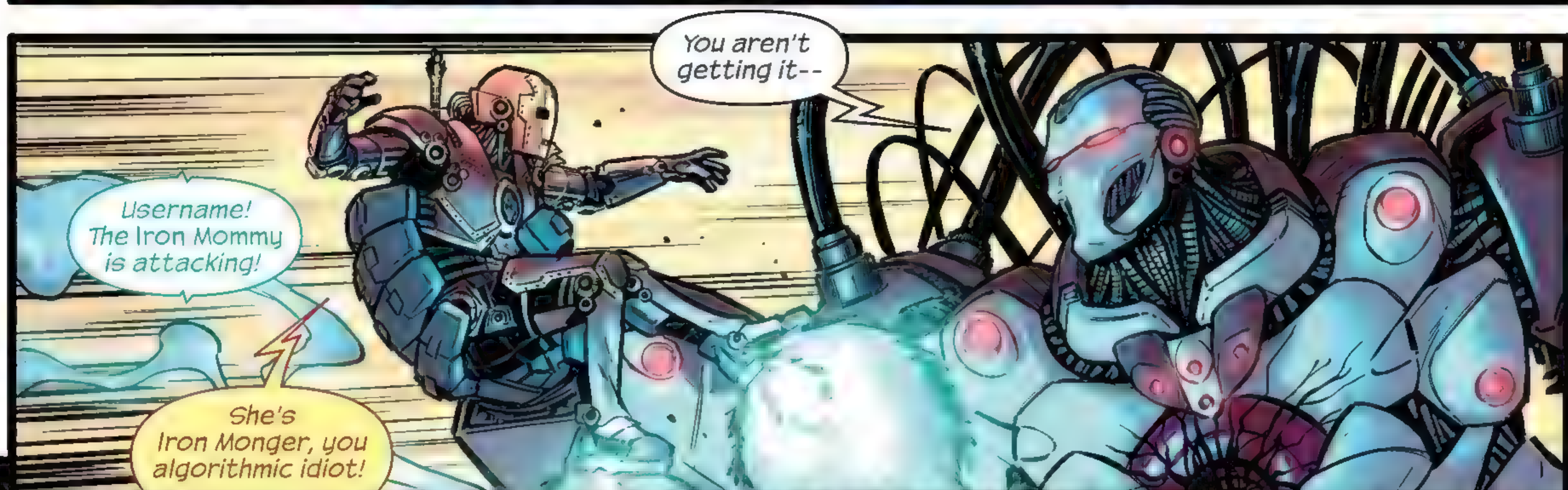
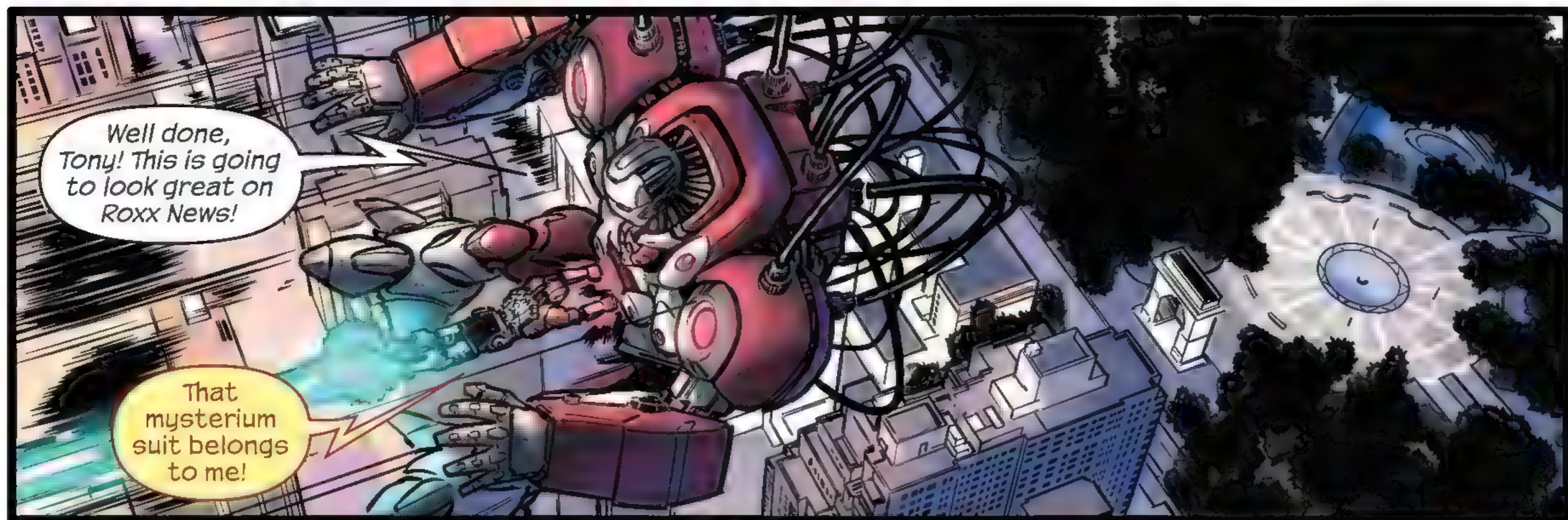
The *Scientist Supreme* is trying to be rational with you, *Tony*...

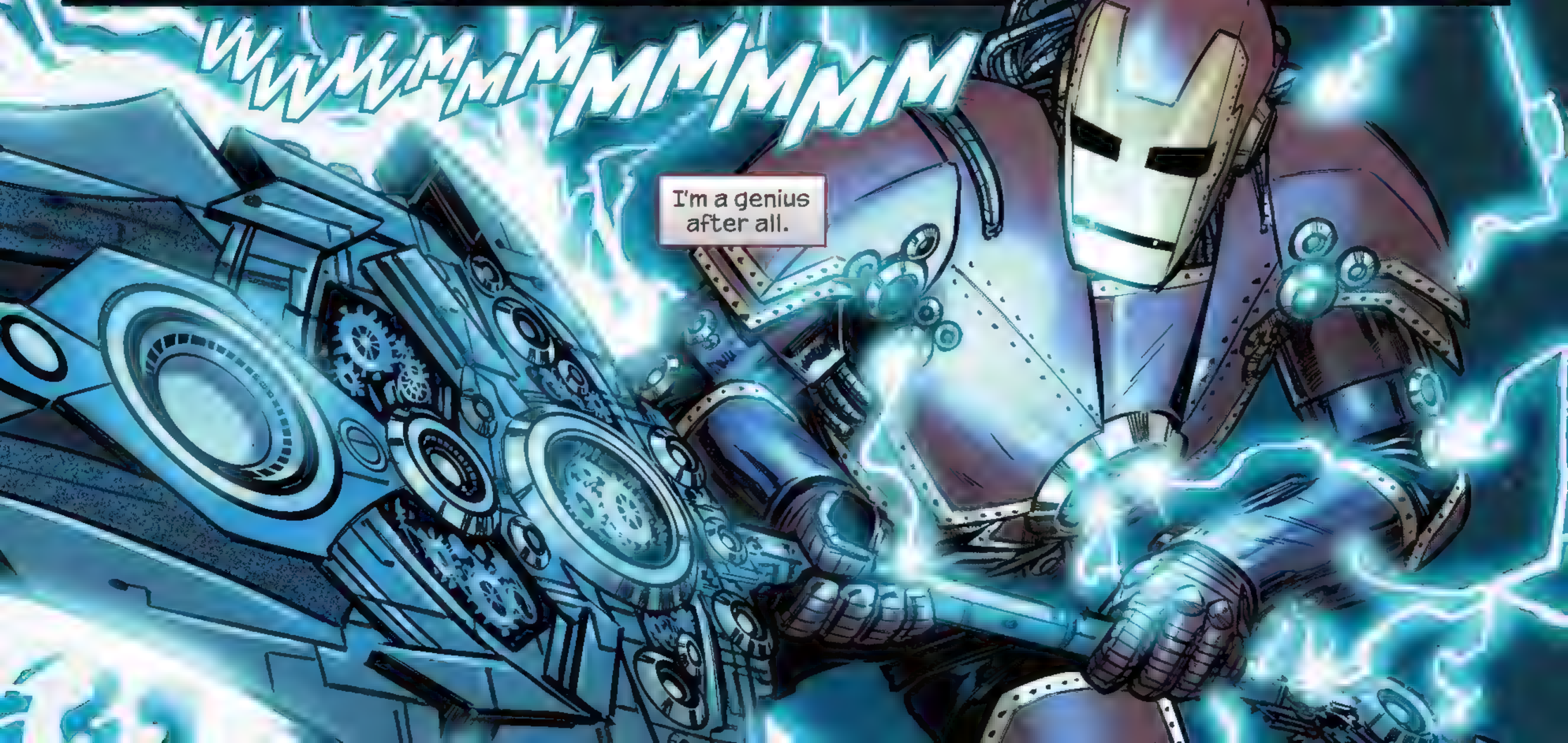
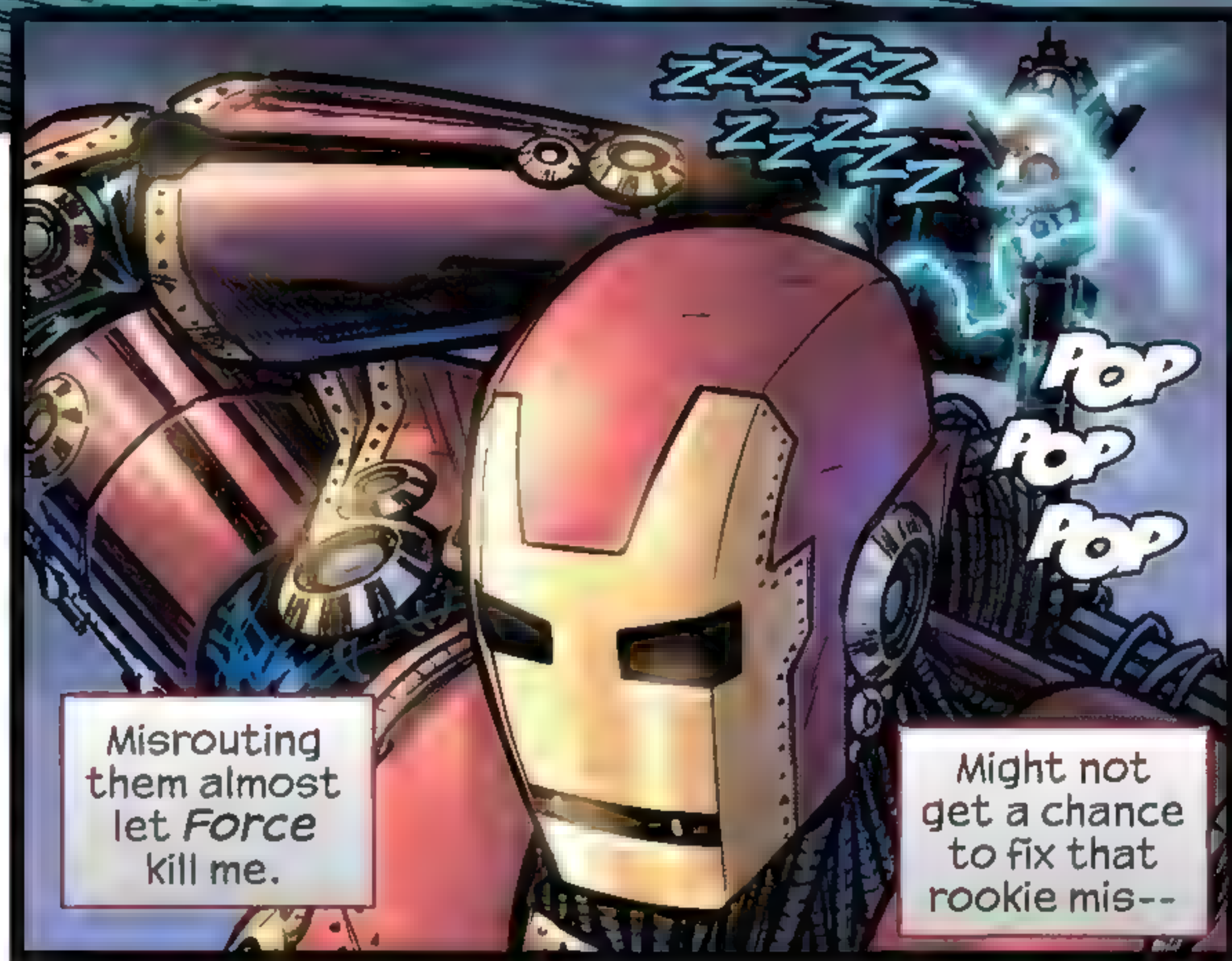
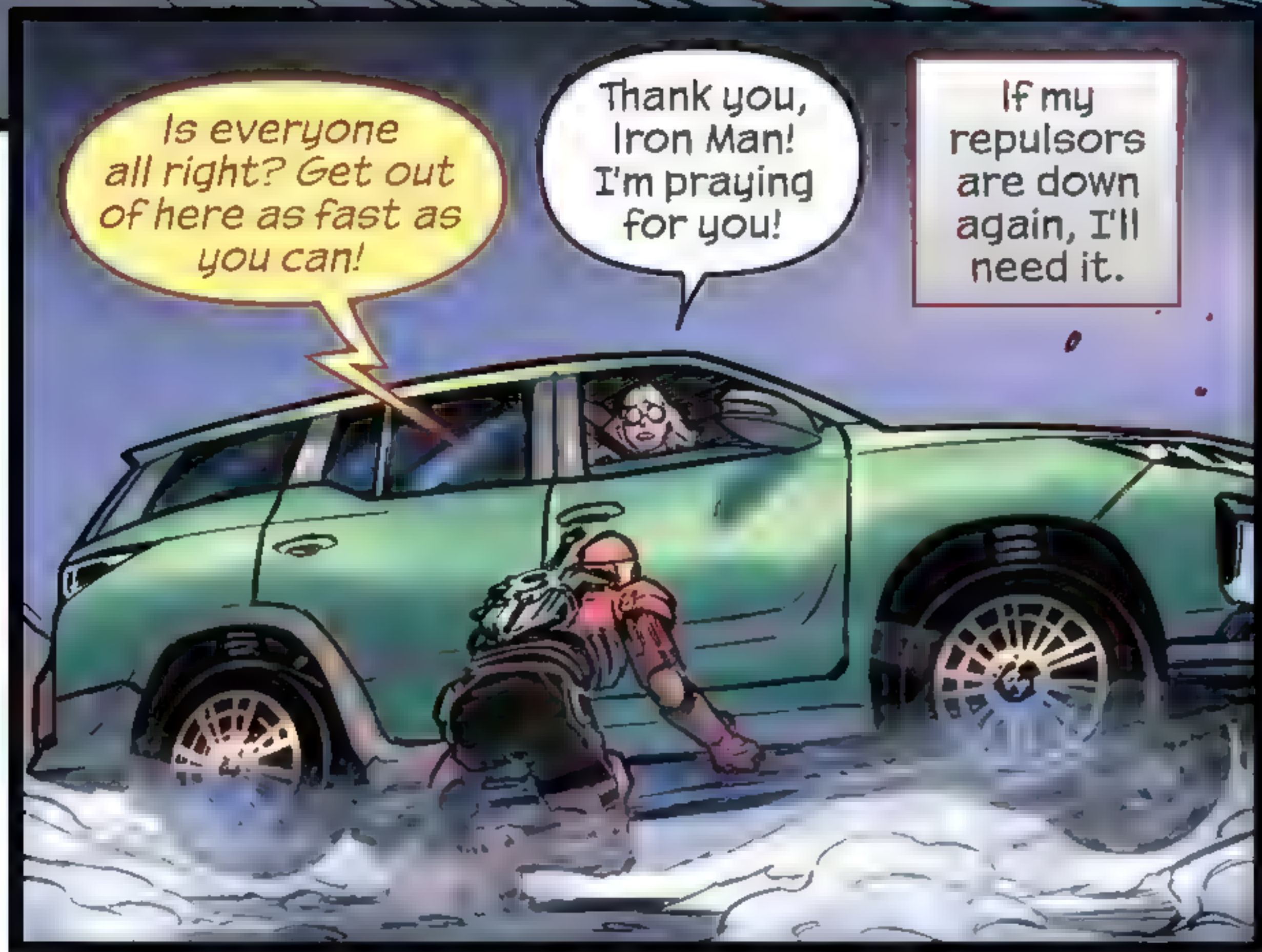


...have you perhaps been drinking again?



KASH





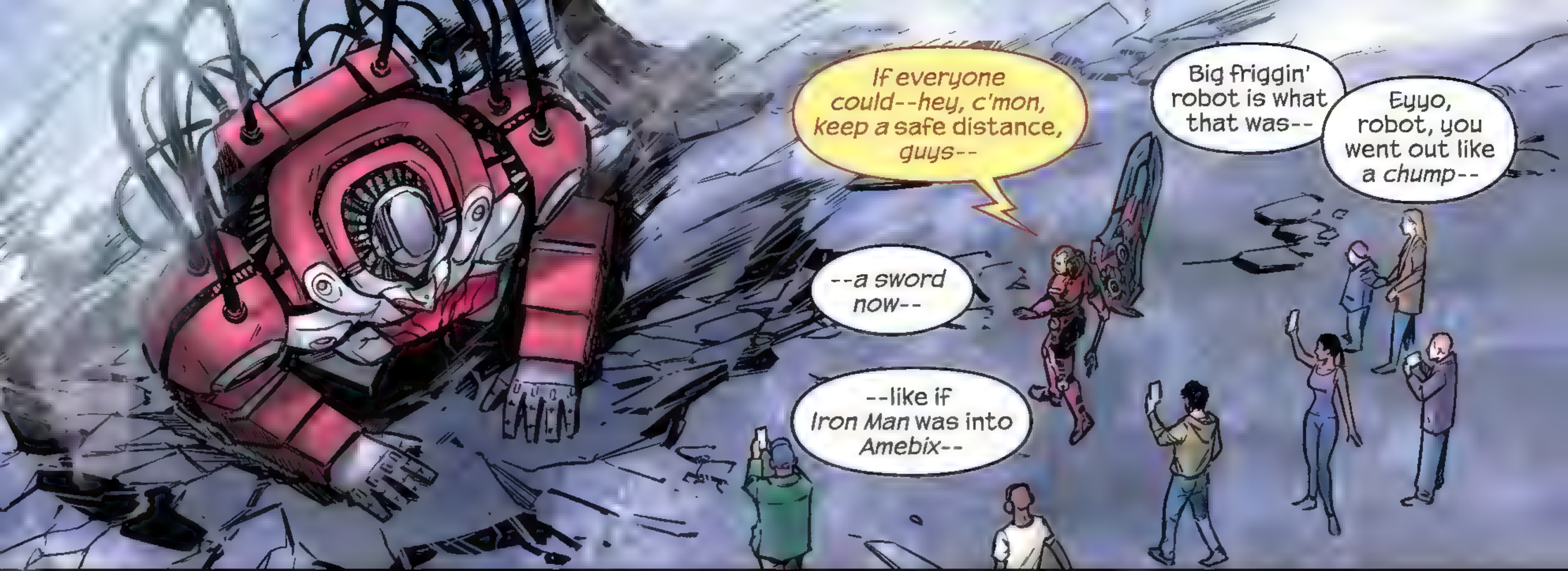


That's not going to be enough. Time to borrow a friend's trick.

Hey, Justine!



HAVE AT THEE!!!



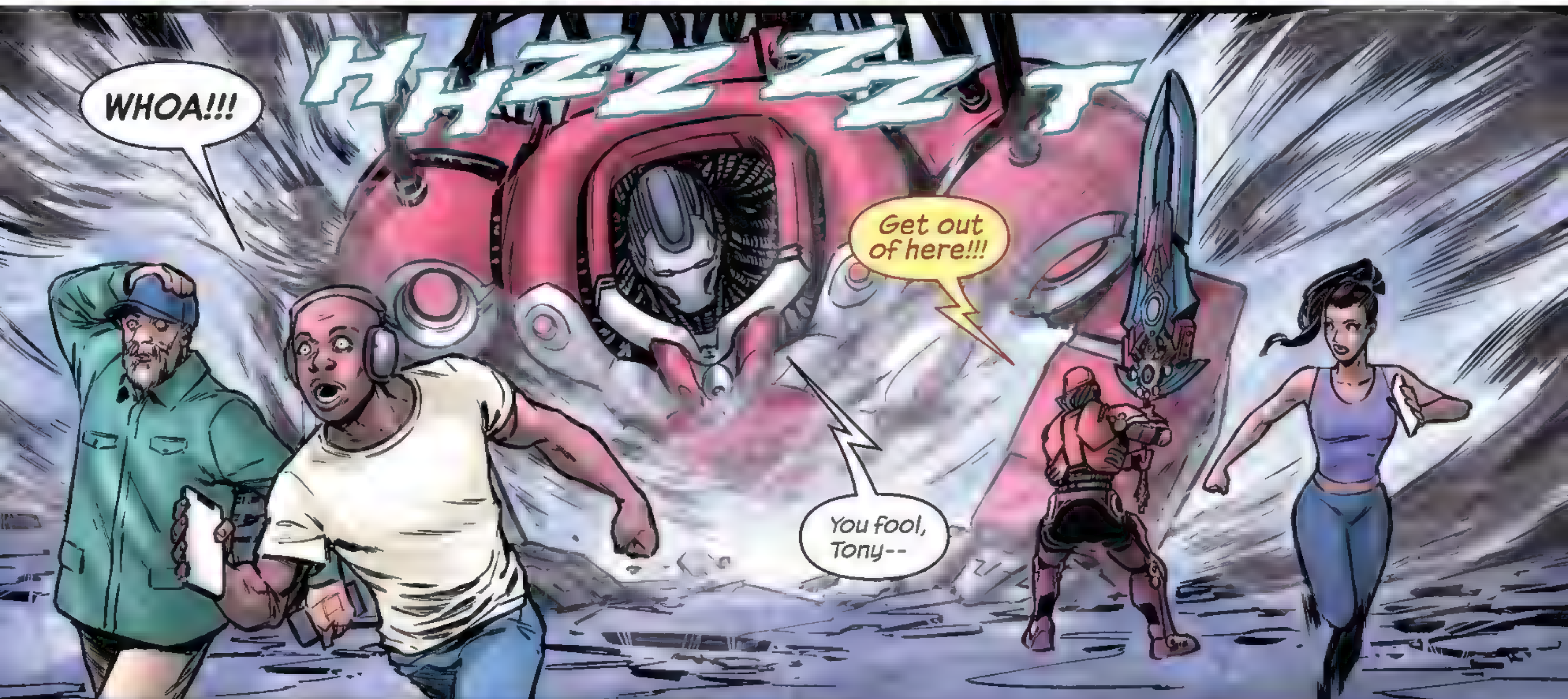
If everyone could--hey, c'mon, keep a safe distance, guys--

Big friggin' robot is what that was--

Eyyo, robot, you went out like a chump--

--a sword now--

--like if Iron Man was into Amebix--



WHOA!!!

Get out of here!!!

You fool, Tony--



--you can't Iron Man your way out of the merger.

Username, the Iron Monger has processed the repulsor blast. Its energy is flowing through her suit!



Ooof! Disable A.I. assistant.

Actually, no! IRON.GPT! Everything to the sword!



No outsourcing it this time.

Let's blow up a pipeline.



AAAARRRRRRHHH!

ZZZZZZZZZZ

KRRRAK

KKKK



WUDDDD

...Hehhehheh...
~cough~ hehhehehe...

Tssssssssssssssssss



What...
what are you
laughing at?



~Cough~
You.
~Cough~
This
meant ~cough~
nothing...

...I'll still
be sitting at
Howard Stark's
desk on
Monday...

Right. You
never did sit at
Justin Hammer's
desk, did you?



Imagine
coming back from the
dead to be weird and
Oedipal--what
the--???

FVROOM

Iron Man.
Ms. Hammer.



Roxxon's
silent partner
has summoned
the board.



Druid, what happened? You get catfished by a demon offering tentacle pics?

Debt.

My quest for knowledge has bound me to the dark broker who summons us...

...the former mage of Limbo, my tormentor, Belasco!

Silence, thrall!

Pay now tribute to Belasco, and to the new leader of Starxxon--the Iron Monger, Justine Hammer!

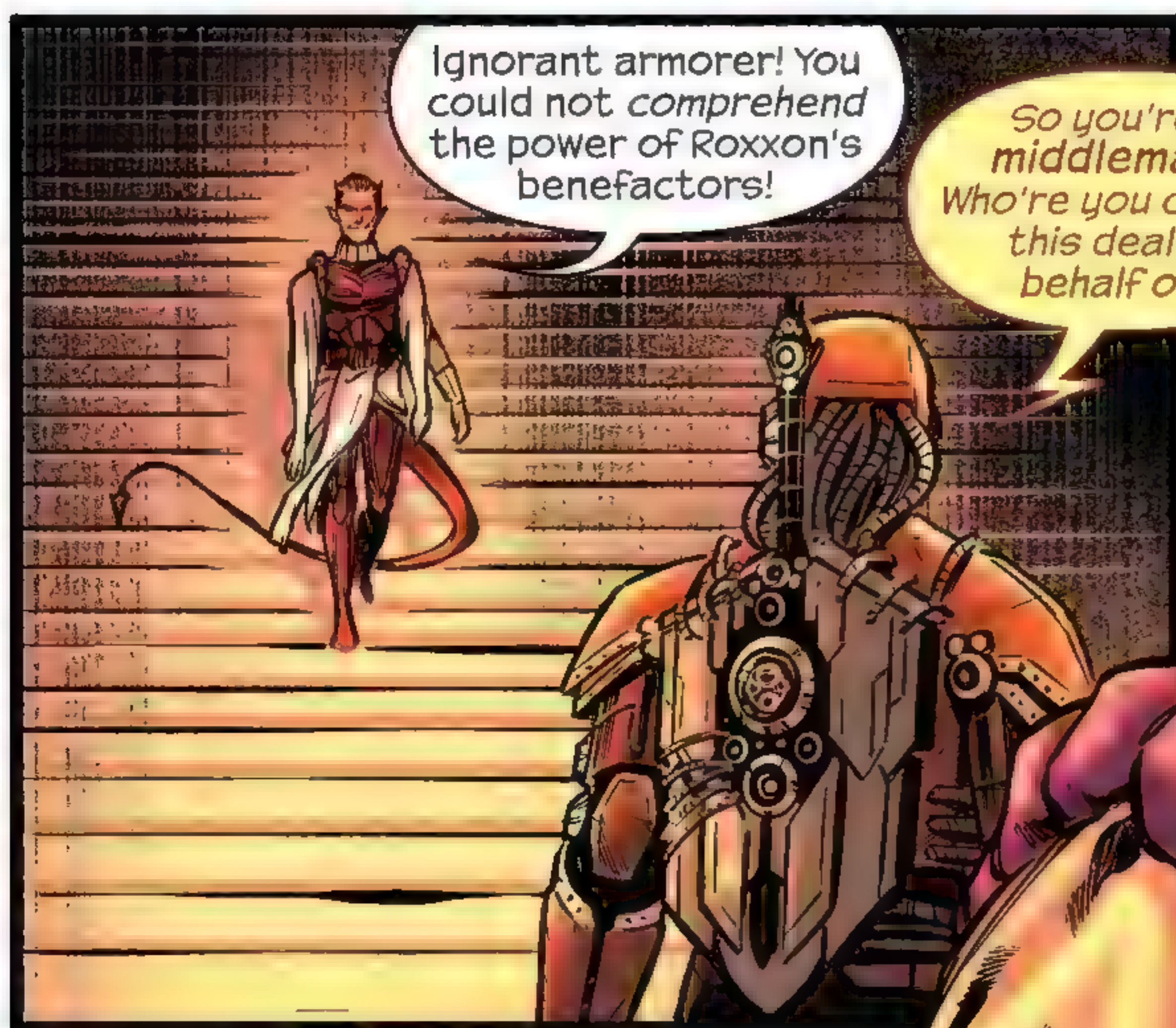
 LIMBO.



Yes, my master.
Hail Belasco!
Hail the
Iron Monger!

...Hail Iron Monger...

Gross.
The X-Men told me about
this guy. This groomer is
your silent partner?



Ignorant armorer! You could not comprehend the power of Roxxon's benefactors!

So you're a middleman?
Who're you closing this deal on behalf of?

They are ancient beings, Iron One, and enterprising! For millennia have they ventured forth for new markets!

Think of them as...importer-exporters.



Come.
Sit, sit.

On that?
Is the table...
dripping?

Justine
Hammer,
victorious one,
the floor is
yours.

Thank
you, Belasco.
Colleagues, I
know how this
looks...

...but we shouldn't judge
how Belasco's clients appear,
nor how they transact
business.

I told you before...
They are quite literally
from a higher plane of
existence.

And now they offer that status to us. We
will become *more than human*.

The new *Starxxon* provides
them the scale needed to bring their
powerful...*pharmaceutical* to global
markets. It has *transformative*
effects on the soul.

We'll have exclusive
access to their product.
We will transcend humanity
while reaping an earthly
bounty like no other.

Another market
cornered.

When I said this
was a *historic* day,
colleagues...

Melinda!
No!

...I meant that
in a *civilizational*--

Die,
traitor!

Melinda!!!



STOP!!!

Tony! What do you think you're doing?!

A gun!!!

--one do something--

--me out of here--

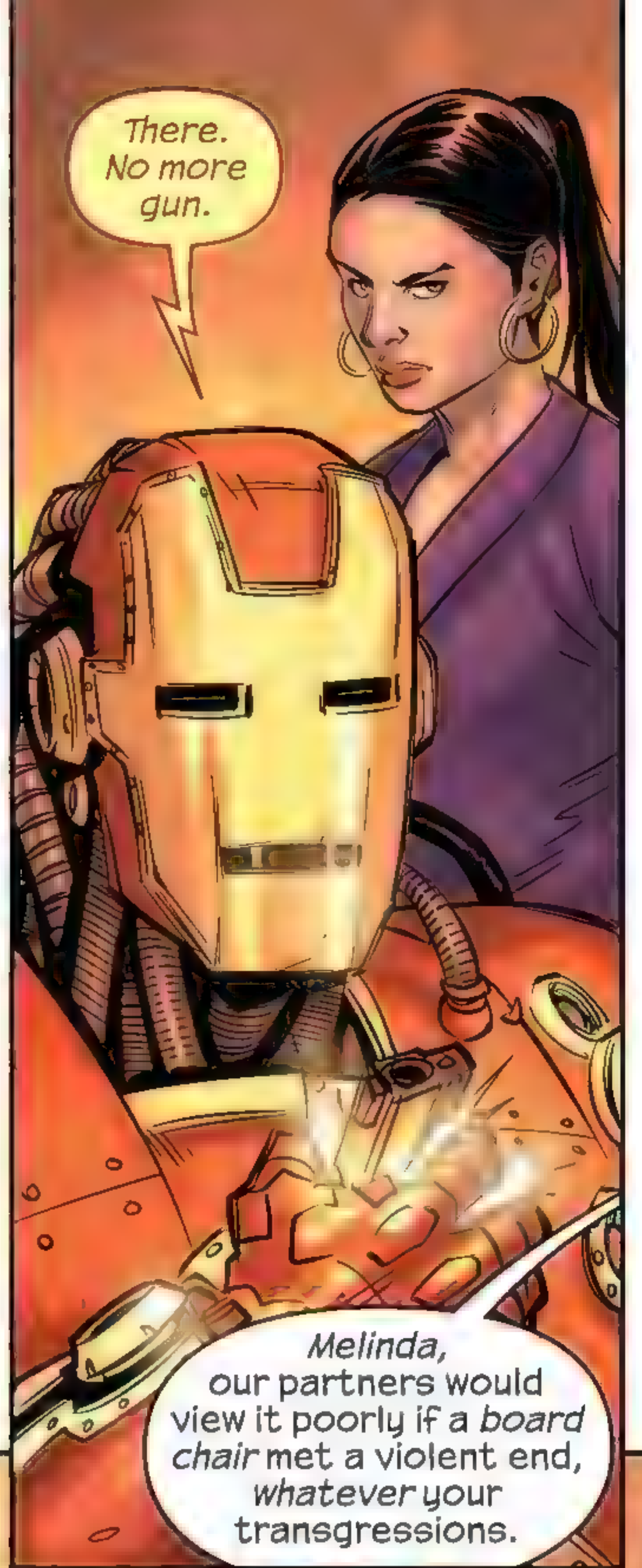
--no security???

--never trusted her--



We had been told you were professionals! Or is a bloodletting a deal-closing tradition in your culture?

Thank you, Tony. Take her gun. But don't harm her.



There. No more gun.

Melinda, our partners would view it poorly if a board chair met a violent end, whatever your transgressions.



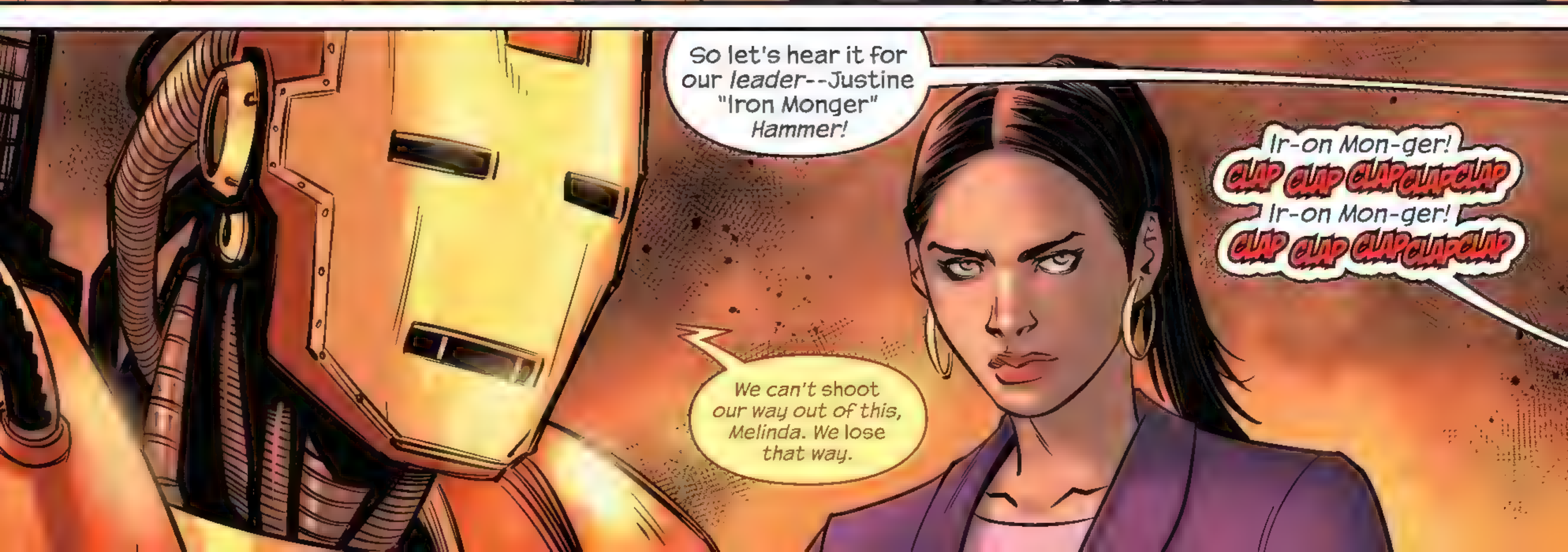
That-- and only that-- is why you live.

Well, I don't see this as a choice at all...



...wealth beyond comparison on Earth, and then untouchability beyond?

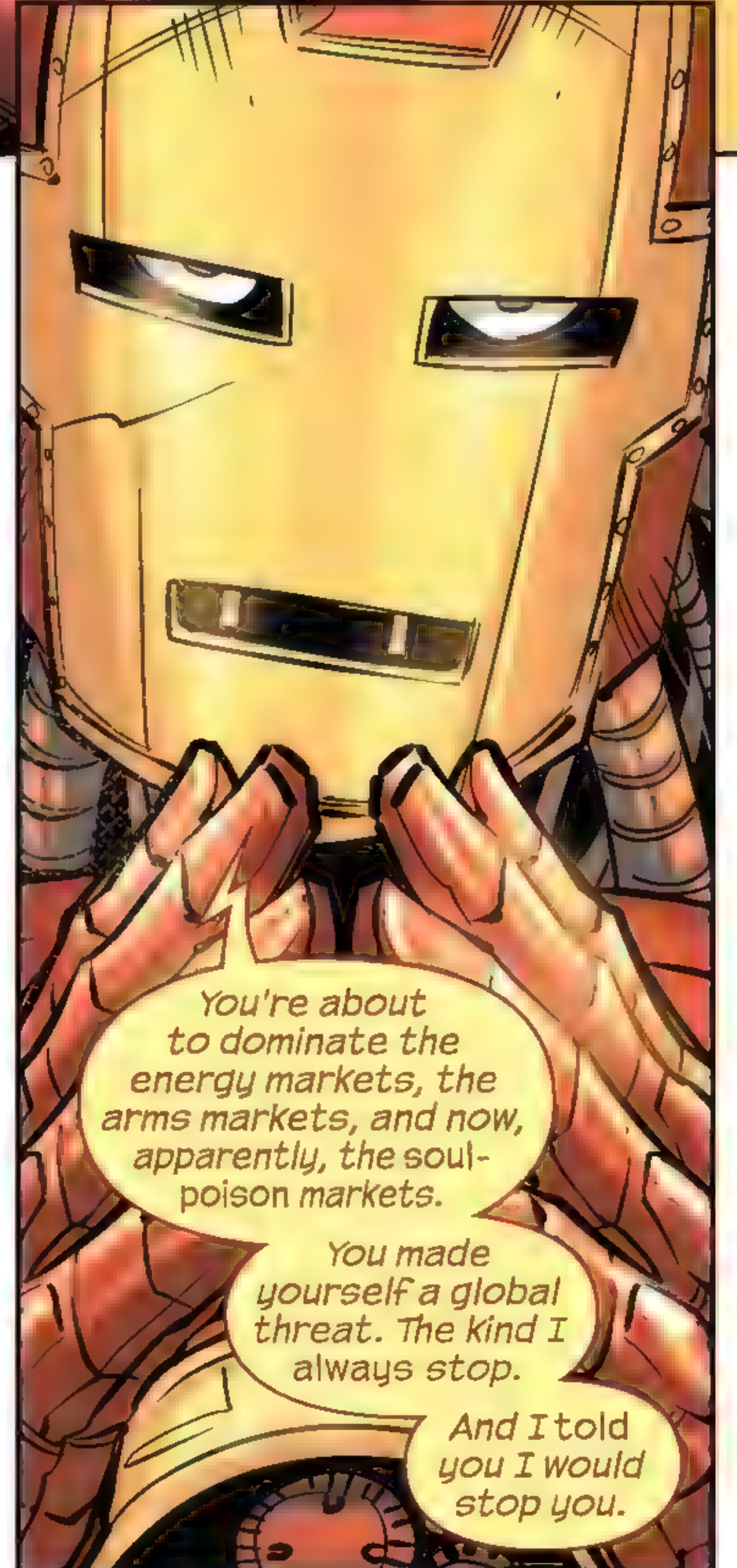
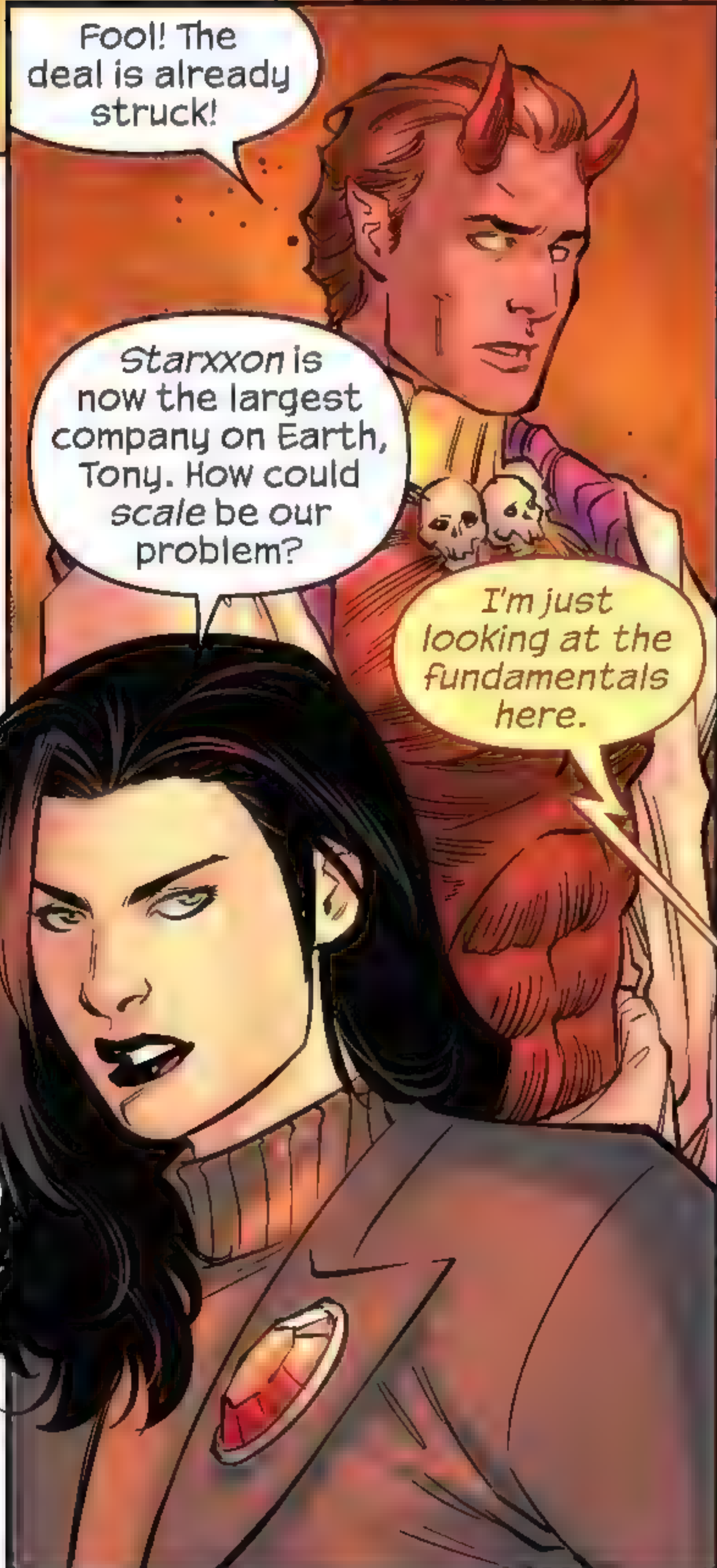
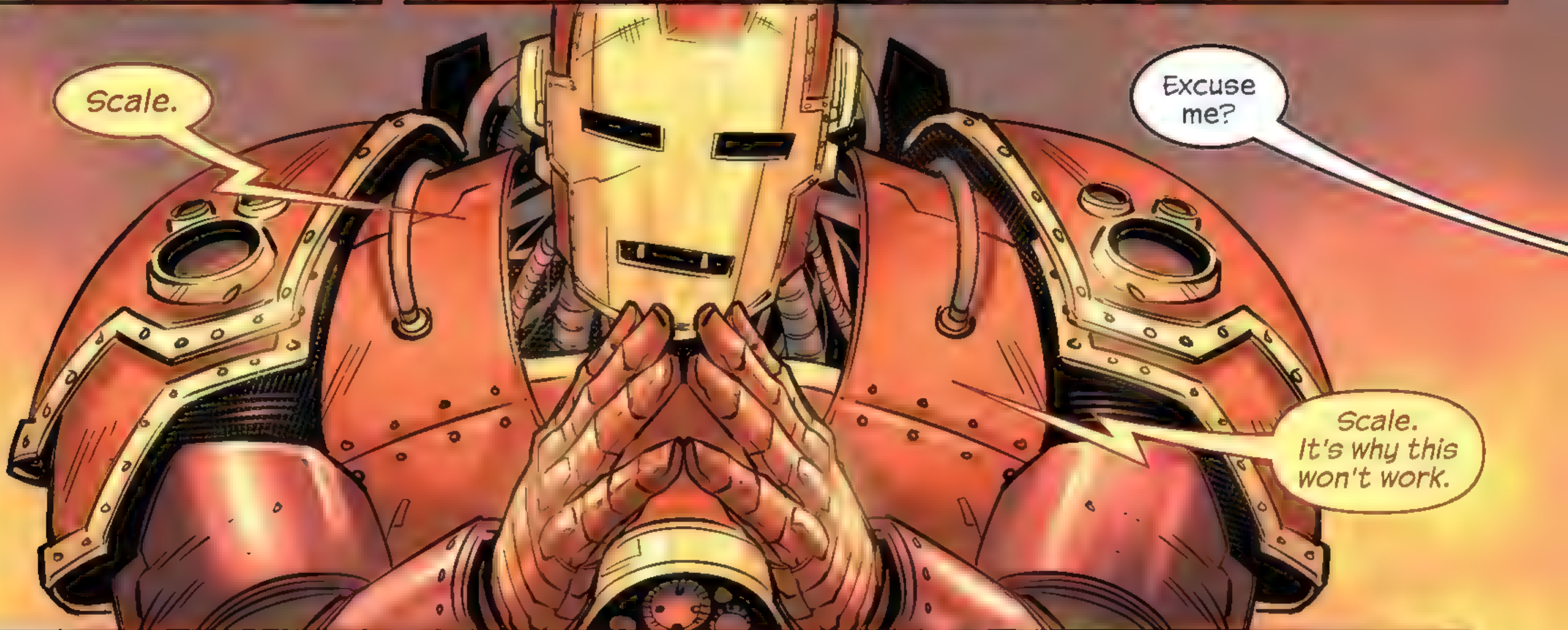
Shoot me if I turn that down.



So let's hear it for our leader--Justine "Iron Monger" Hammer!

We can't shoot our way out of this, Melinda. We lose that way.

Ir-on Mon-ger! clup clup clup clup clup
Ir-on Mon-ger! clup clup clup clup clup





Roxxon, A.I.M., and all their cronies *always* lose to me and my friends, Belasco.

You're asking beings on a higher plane of existence to bet on **proven losers**. Let me know how that works out.





No!

--could they do this?

But you said they abhorred violence!

--what do they want?

Be rational. Their return on investment--and lack thereof--determines their appetite for violence.



Save us, Iron Man!

Tony! You can't let this happen!

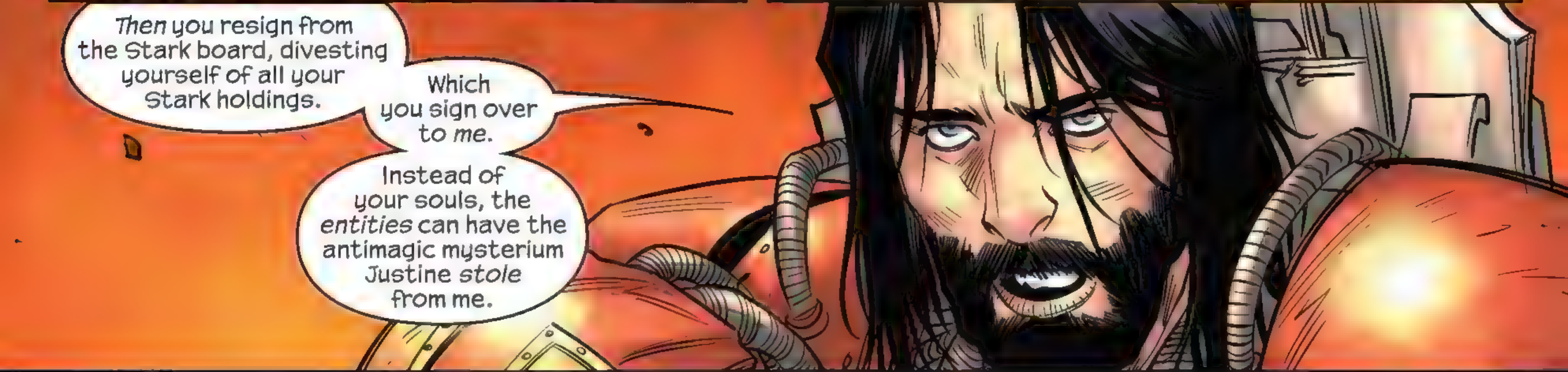
Listen up. This deal is on the table for sixty seconds.

All of you vote, right now, to annul the merger.

Then you resign from the Stark board, divesting yourself of all your Stark holdings.

Which you sign over to me.

Instead of your souls, the entities can have the antimagic mystery Justine stole from me.



An... acceptable alternative.

All our-- Tony! We'll be wiped out! My portfolio is Stark-heavy!

Thirty seconds.

Iron Man. The entities wish to keep the conversation open. You may keep their infernal *malware*...

...while this *broach* will contain some of their signature magic.

Another weapon to sell, Iron Man.

Wrong, Justine. But you were right about one thing.

I couldn't Iron Man my way out of the merger.

You just shouldn't have underestimated Tony Stark.







#1 FOIL VARIANT BY PHILIP TAN & BRYAN VALENZA



FOUR: HELLMAN CIRCLE



A'right,
awl you get
da #&%& up!

SKRRRRRT



Whoa!!!

Oh my
God!
AY!

Two lines!
Everyone out
da #&%& dinuh!



Go! Inna the van!
Inna the van!

Where are
you taking us?
Who are you?
Are--are you
police?

Shut da
&%& up!



Okay,
let's go,
let's--



Wait,
wait, hold
up!



This
&%& saw us!!!



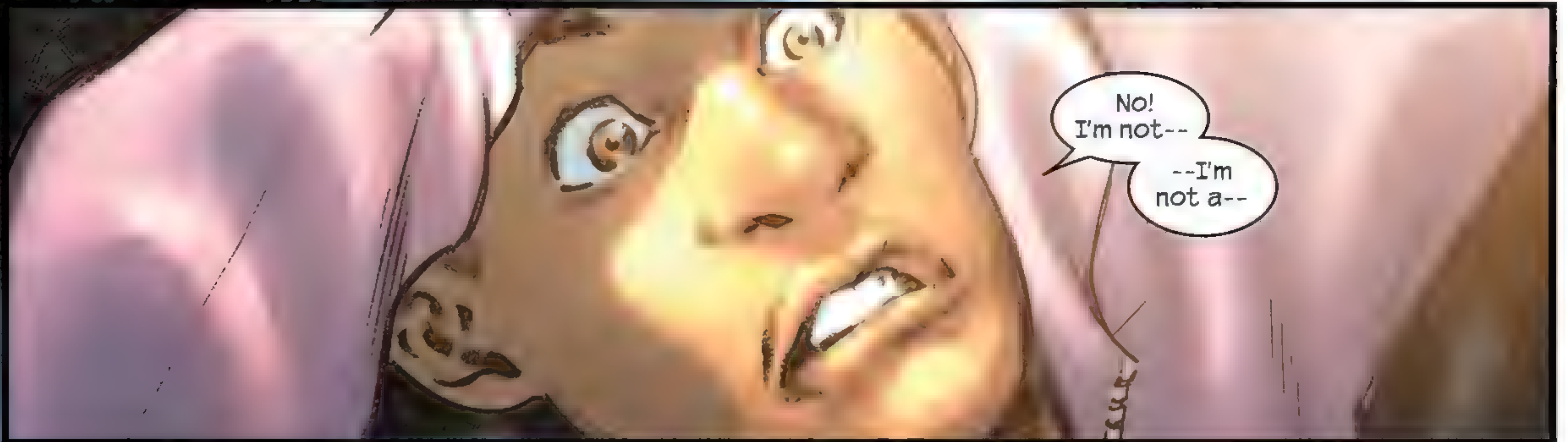
huff huff huff



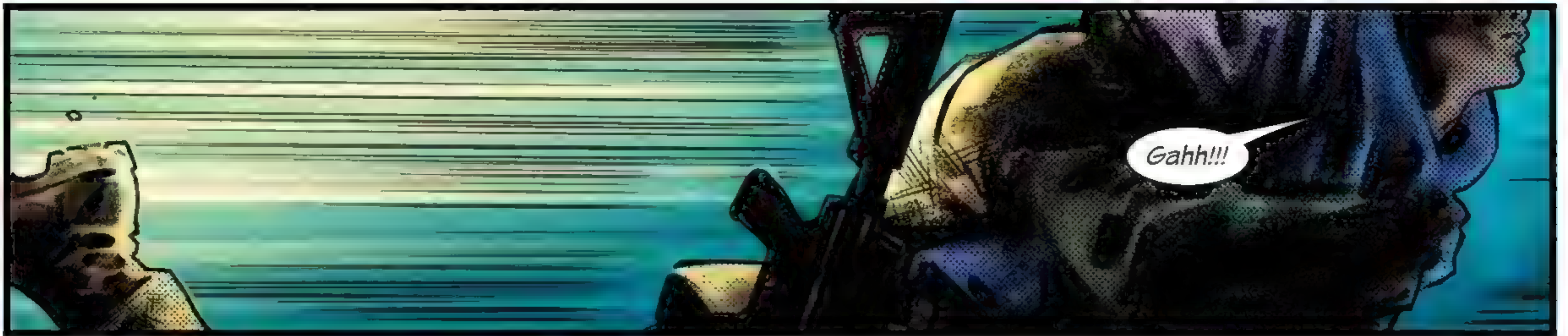
--Make me run, don't let me @%#& catch you, &%\$@!



huff huff Huh--?



No! I'm not-- --I'm not a--



 SANTA MONICA.

I don't get it, Tony...

...the demon stripped out the new Iron Monger's magic metal. But across propulsion, data, command, and power systems, the suit's like brand-new!

What did Justine need the mysterium for?

To kick my ass.

If I knew more than that, Ironheart, I wouldn't have asked you to take a look at the specs.

And he was a mage.



See, what I don't understand is what's going on with this whole look of yours, Mister Stark.

Stop...

I'm sorry, N.A.T.A.L.I.E., does the *improvised* suit that I built in a hospital bed from junked armor not... rizz you up or whatever?

That don't even--

Stop.

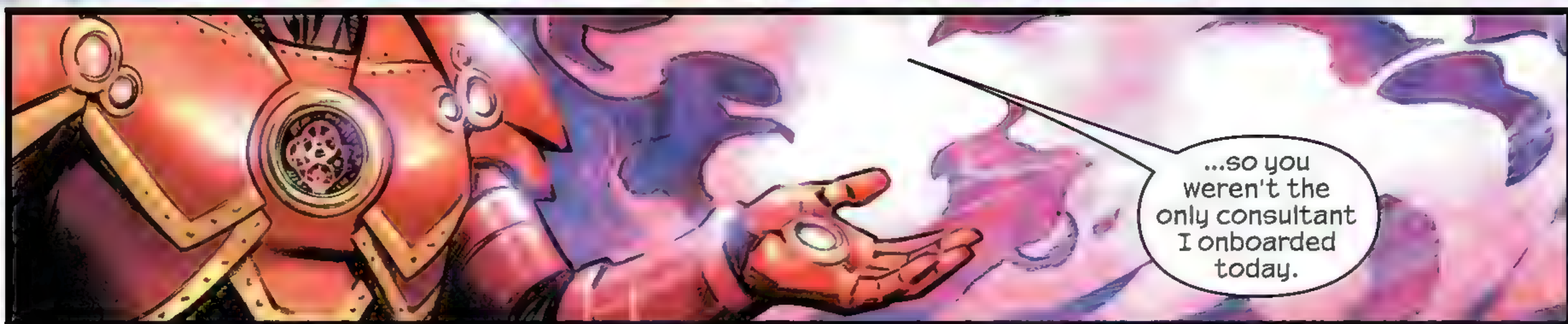
To get your armors working, we need to scrub Justine's magic malware off your servers, right?

And the mage put magic into the Iron Monger, right?

No.

...The *fully functional* Iron Monger...

No, Riri. Taking gifts from netherbeings is how you end up a Nazgûl. We don't understand magic...



...so you weren't the only consultant I onboarded today.

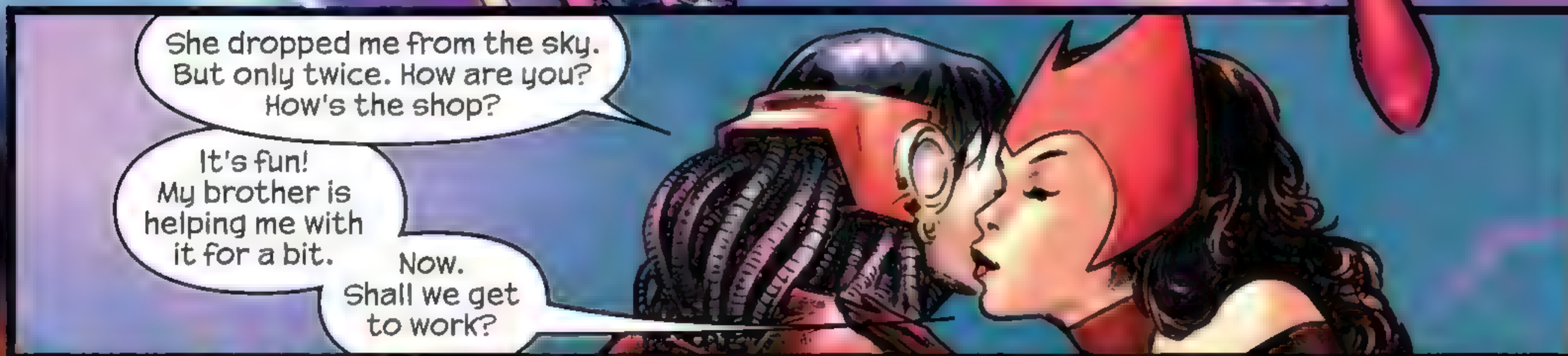


Riri, so good to see you. And you must be N.A.T.A.L.I.E.

I'm the **SCARLET WITCH**

But please, call me Wanda.

Tony--- oh, I wish you'd called earlier. What did Justine Hammer do to you?



She dropped me from the sky. But only twice. How are you? How's the shop?

It's fun! My brother is helping me with it for a bit.

Now. Shall we get to work?



Tony, girls, stay clear of the circle, please.

...What are you going to do?

I'm going inside Justine's broach to talk to the Iron Monger magic.





Gasp

Wanda?
Are you
okay?



Yes, the
broach...

...it gave me
more trouble than
I expected...

...Where
are the
girls?



Riri
wanted In-N-Out.
She's bringing us
back dinner.

What did
you see?



Tony...
this magic
was formidable.
Whoever conjured
this, I don't like
that they know
about Earth.

This is far
beyond what
someone like
Belasco can
safely wield.



That
means you
definitely
can't wield
it.

Y'all, they
have to bring
Animal Style
to Chicago...



...Oh?

Is the magic in all the Iron Monger's systems?

It's... It doesn't exactly work like that. The mysterium acted as a stabilizer for the suit's dark energy flow.

So that's what the mysterium was for.

Now the suit has no stabilizer and houses more magic than I'm comfortable being in this garage.

What activates the magic?

At this point, if someone wears the suit, I would expect the magic to follow.

I hope that question doesn't mean you're planning to wear the armor. Tony--

Absolutely not. We just need to understand its data/magic interplay so I can get my armors debugged.

Is that safe?



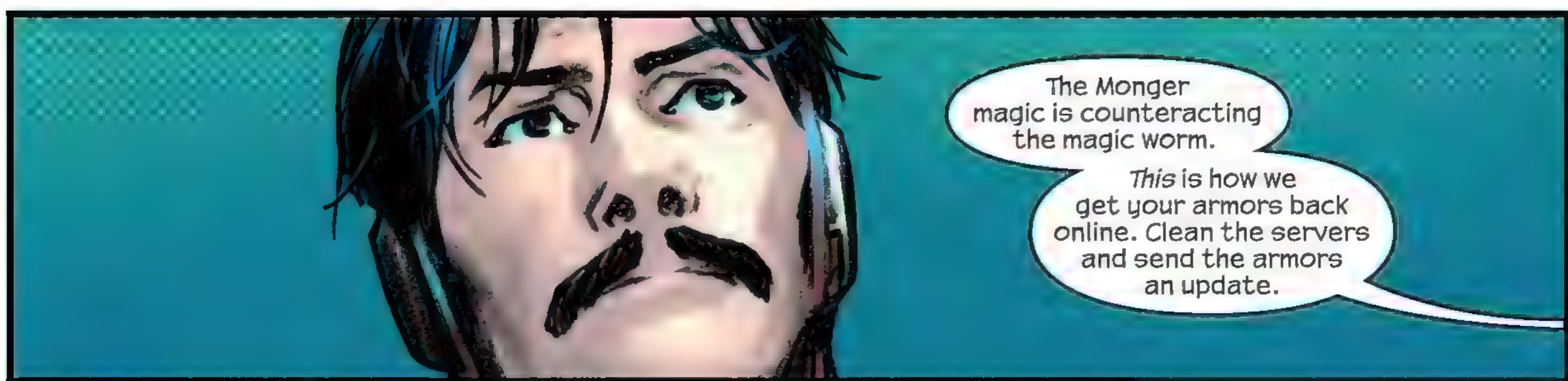
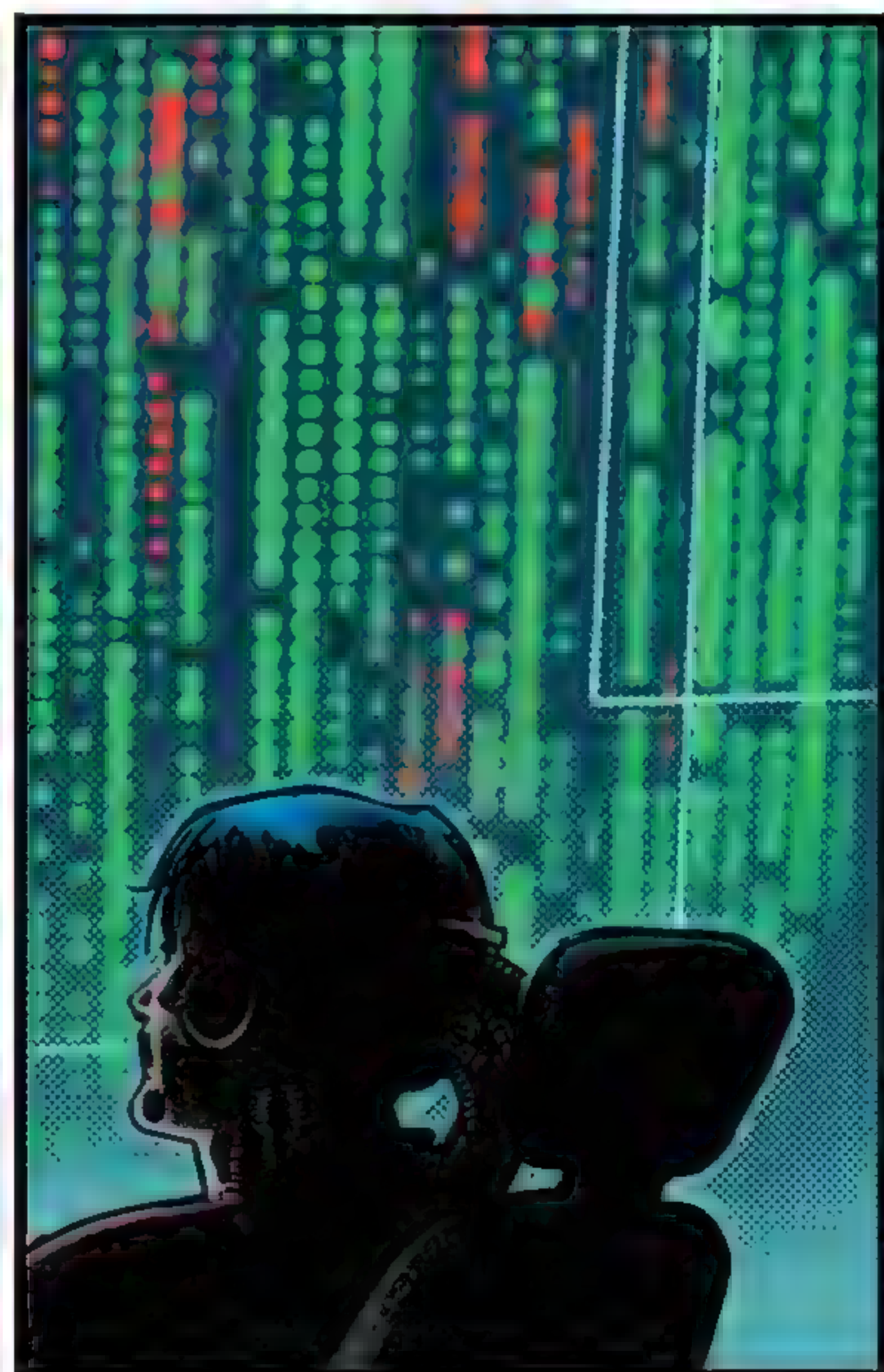
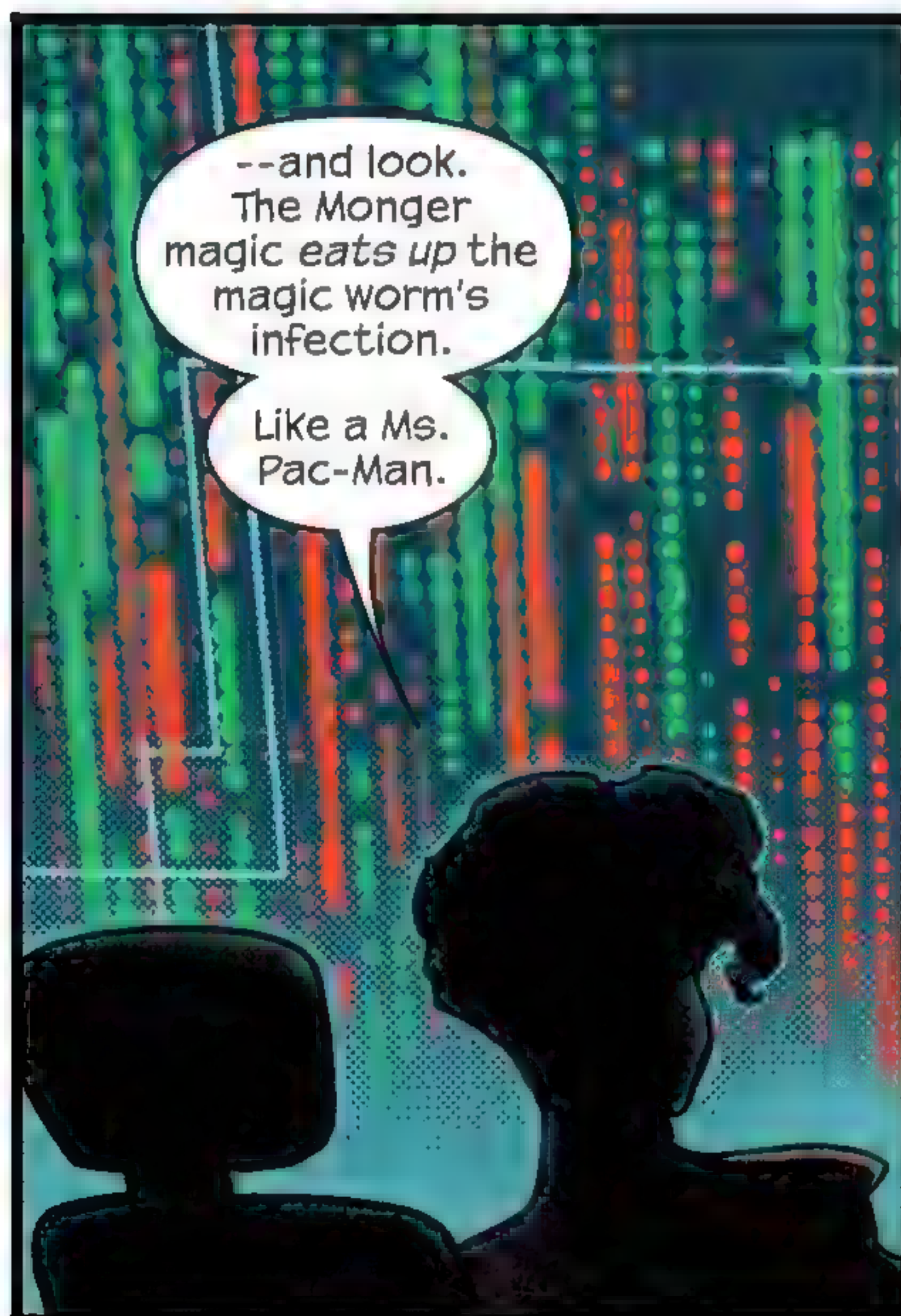
It should be. Wearing the suit *isn't*.

Listen to me, Tony. The magic wants to be with the suit wearer.

Couldn't be me. Thank you, Wanda.

It will corrupt the wearer. Watch him, Riri.

Did you go to In-N-Out without me?!



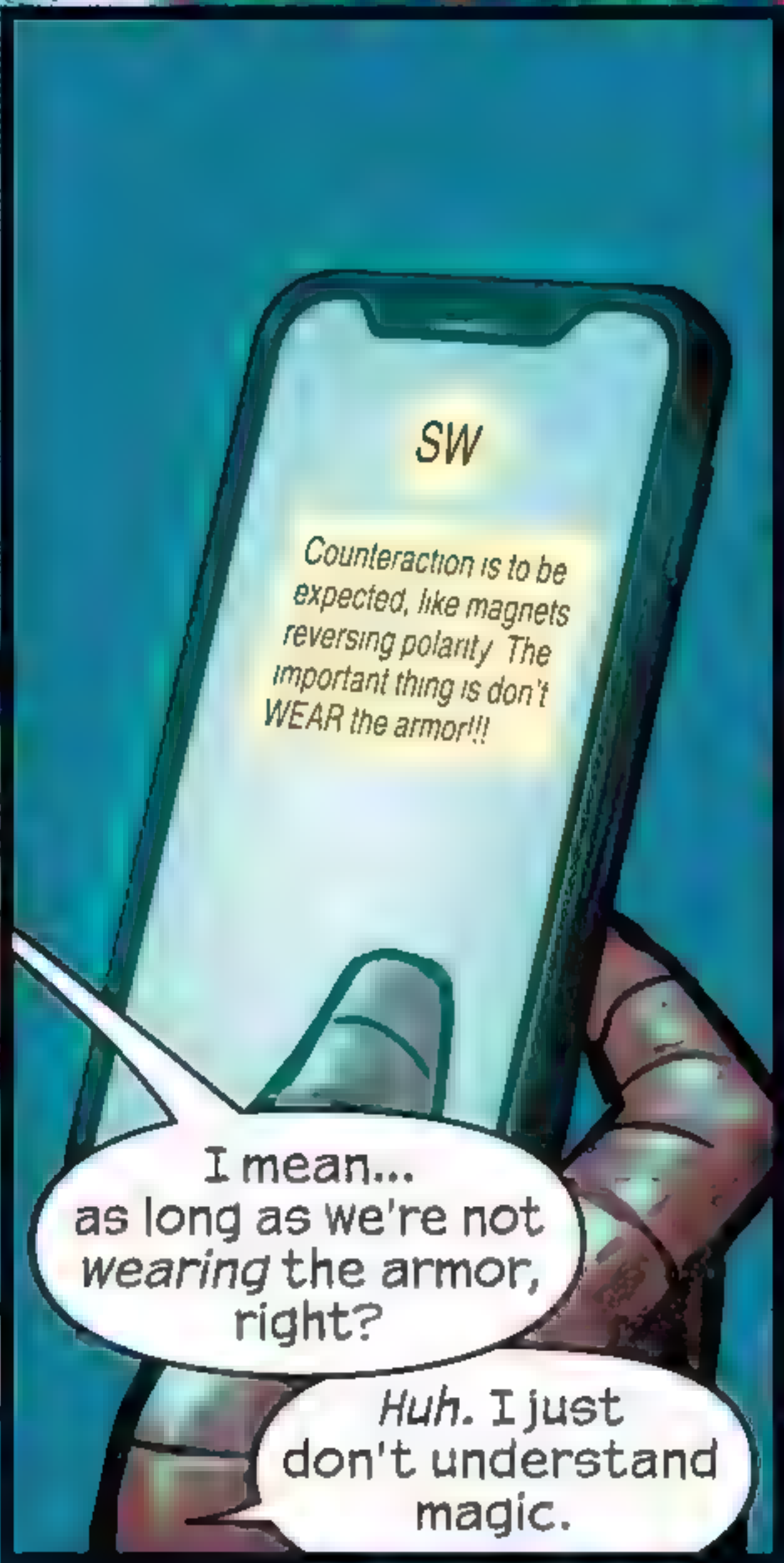


I don't know. We're messing with something we don't understand.

N.A.T.A.L.I.E. sent the diagnostics to Wanda. She can flag it if something's wrong.

Not telling you what to do. But I don't know how else we debug your armors.

PING
PING



SW
Counteraction is to be expected, like magnets reversing polarity. The important thing is don't WEAR the armor!!

I mean... as long as we're not wearing the armor, right?

Huh. I just don't understand magic.



How long will it take to get the suits back?

Do I look like a dry cleaner? No idea. You could be improvising for a long--
Huh.



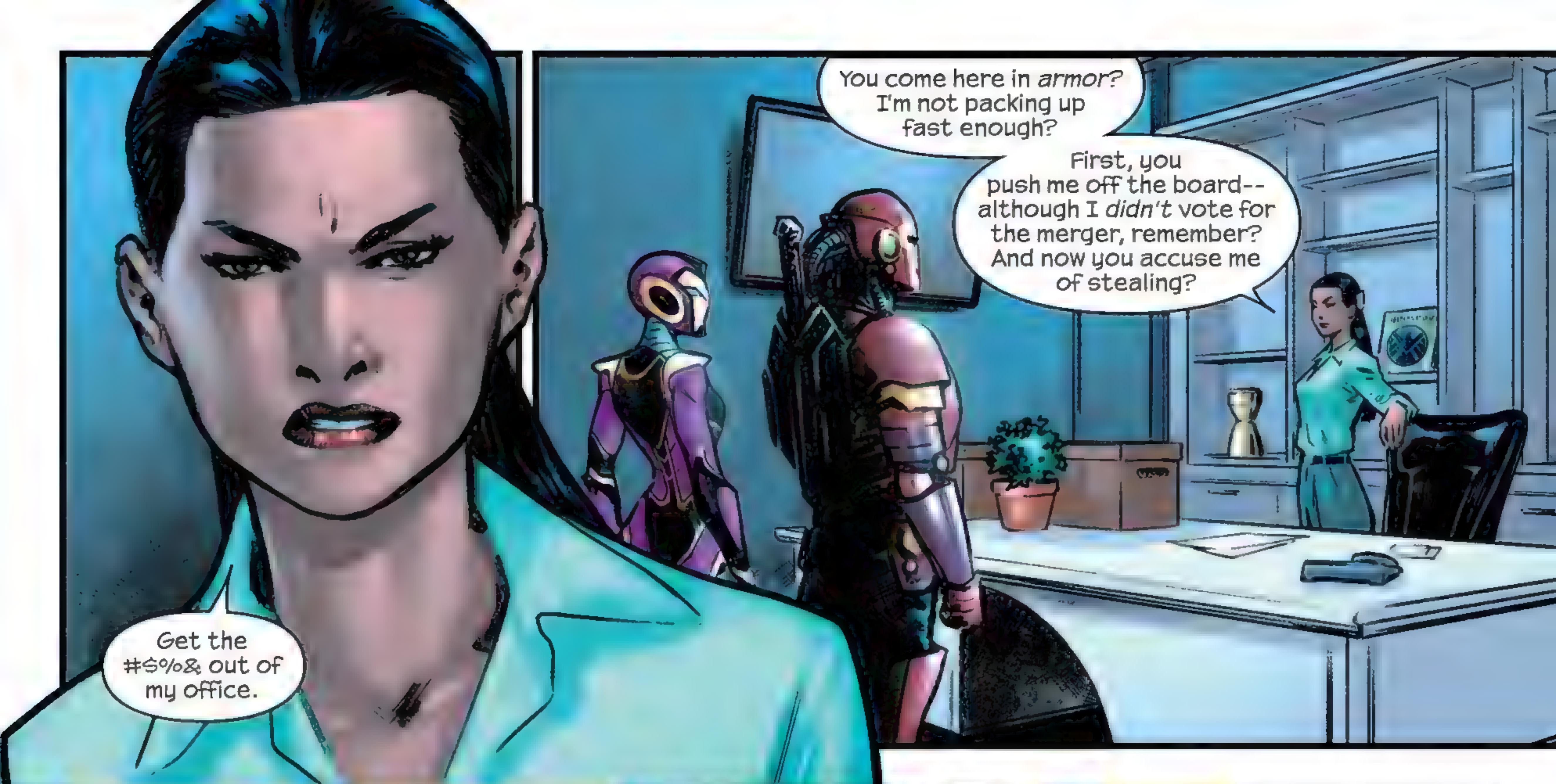
So, the Monger can connect through the Stark servers to any Stark facility. Like, fast.

All except one part of this facility.

It's asking the Monger for a credential...



...a S.H.I.E.L.D. credential.
Why?



Get the #S%& out of my office.

You come here in *armor*? I'm not packing up fast enough?

First, you push me off the board-- although I *didn't* vote for the merger, remember? And now you accuse me of stealing?



I'm getting tired of you twisting my words. We didn't accuse you of anything, Melinda.

We asked you if you knew about a S.H.I.E.L.D. access credential for the California factory.

Imagine my surprise that you don't remember, Director Stark.



Remember what?

When you ran S.H.I.E.L.D., you set up a **purchasing back door** to streamline getting Stark tech onto the Helicarrier. Looks like someone kept the keys.

Someone who isn't me.



No one's accusing you. As a S.H.I.E.L.D. vet, does this tell you anything?

~Gasp~



Follow me.

STARK UNLIMITED FACTORY.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



"Agent 33."

A.K.A.
Kara Lynn
Palamas.

After
S.H.I.E.L.D. fell, she
founded a private
security company
of S.H.I.E.L.D.
vets.

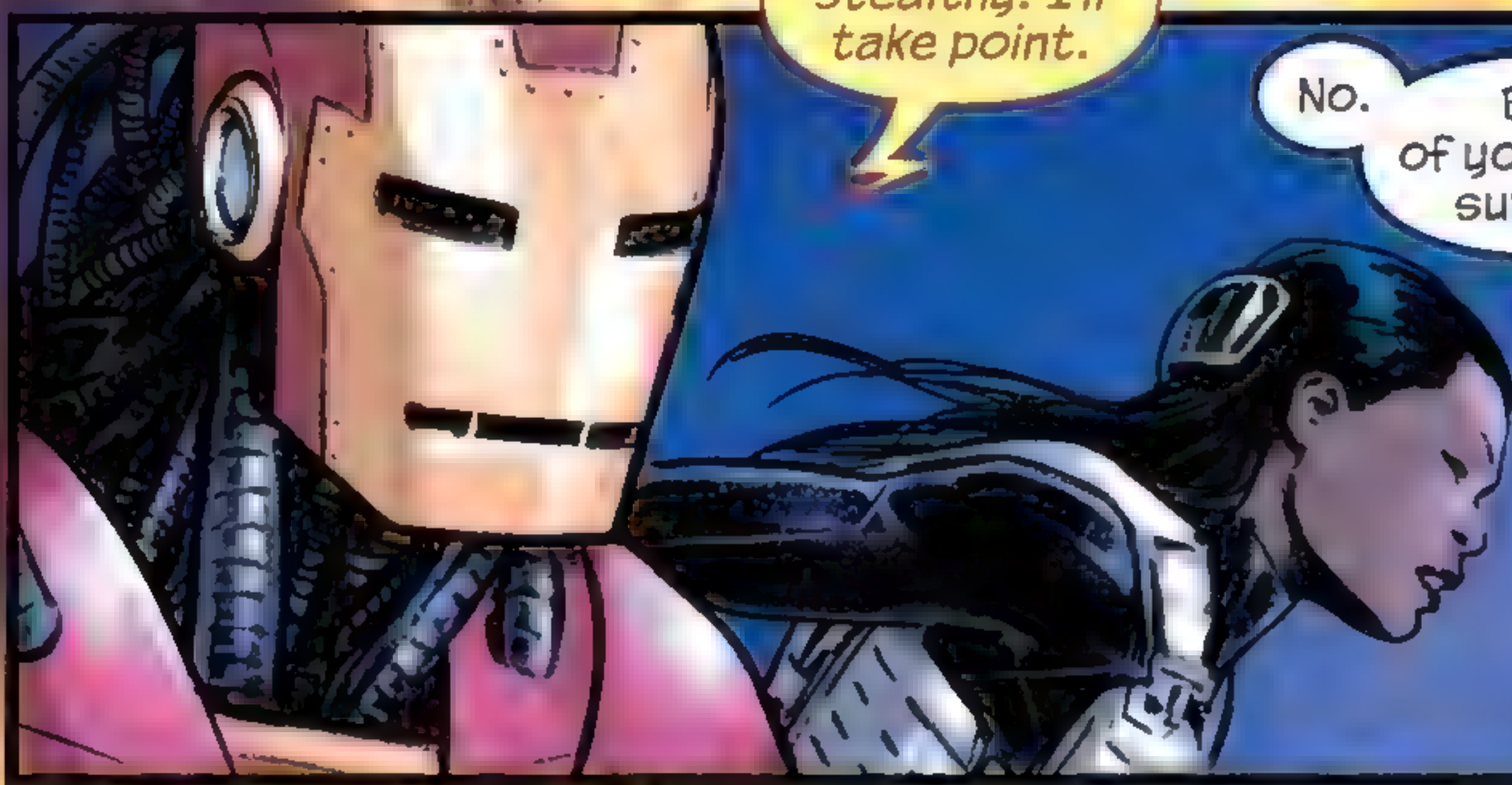
Looks
like they're *robbing*
you. Shouldn't leave
your back door open,
Tony.

There's
eight of them and
three of us. Even if they
are ex-S.H.I.E.L.D.,
that's light work.

We do this
stealthy. I'll
take point.

No.

Both
of you are air
support.



I'm the
CAVALRY.



What if I
re-engineered
the Iron Monger
to be remotely
piloted?

I wouldn't be
wearing the suit.
Only using it as a
drone. Wouldn't
violate Wanda's
rule.

I'd still be
in the field,
just--

I felt that. I might be
out of the hospital,
but I'm still tender.

And stuck
wearing my least
protective
armor.

AGENT
33!!!





UFFFF--
there's no more
S.H.I.E.L.D.,
Melinda.

I'm not
Agent 33.

And
you're not the
Cavalry.



No?

Then I don't
need to worry
about breaking the
code of conduct.
Or your arm.

A
H
H
H
H
H!

Cav,
that's
enough!
She's
pinned!



This isn't
your fight! This
is S.H.I.E.L.D.
business!

And
yet you keep
reminding me I
was a S.H.I.E.L.D.
director.

I'm only
going to ask
once before the
sword comes out,
Kara. Where are
you taking my
stuff?



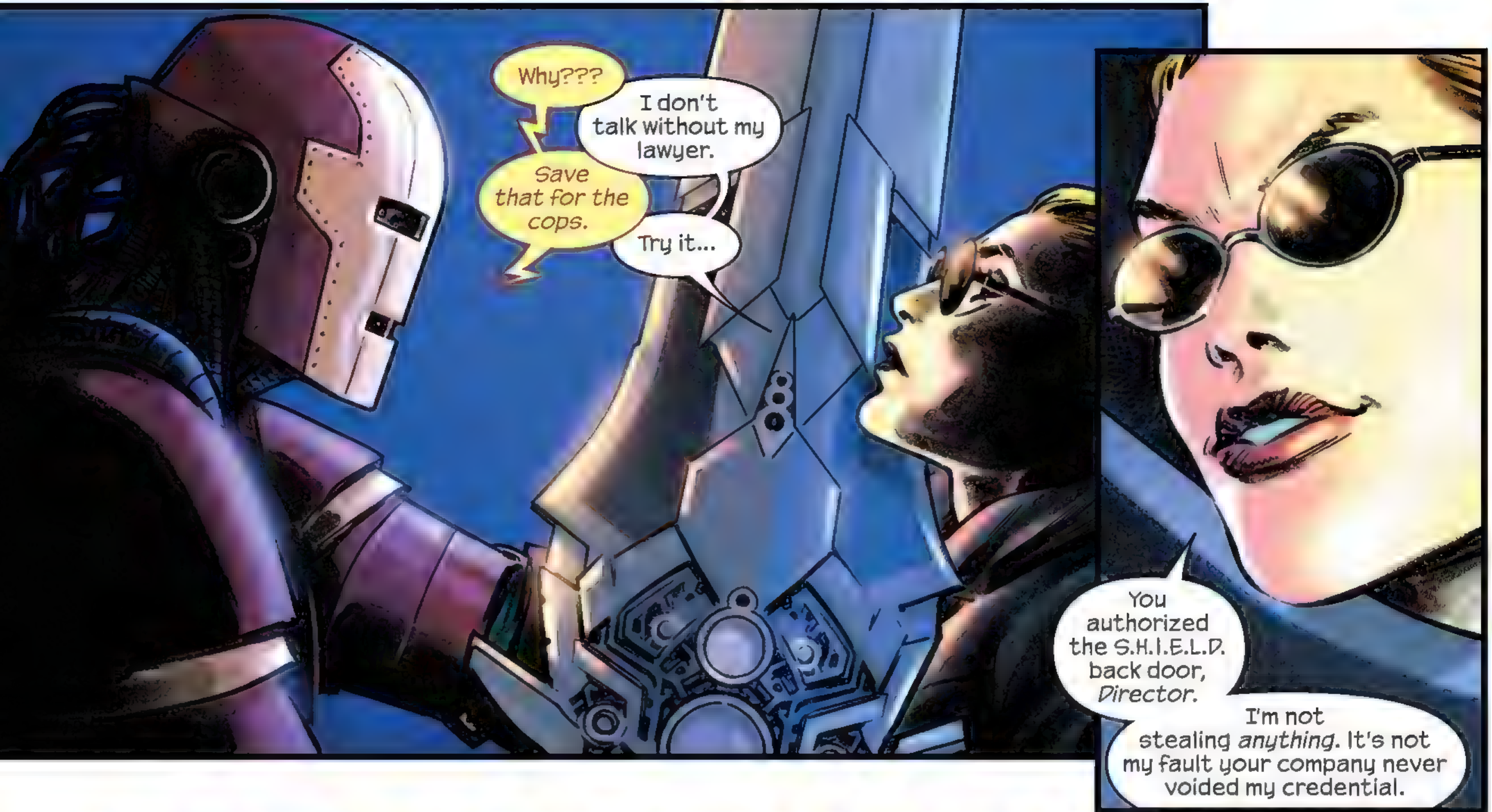
Repulsor me all
you want. I won't
tell you--

I know
where they're
taking it.



N.A.T.A.L.I.E. got it off their
phones. A warehouse.
On the West Side.

The shipments
are going to
Chicago.



Here are the specs on our destination, Username.

It's known as Hellman Circle. But you know that.

I do? Wait...

Property records from Cook County show it registered, decades ago, to Stark Industries.

Iron.GPT... you got something right!

This was my father's Midwest operations center. I spent Christmas here once.

He closed it... decades ago. I forgot it.

Your dad sold it during deindustrialization...

When Stark Industries left Chicago, thousands of high-wage jobs left too.

The area around the warehouse became blighted. It was recently bought by a New York-based holding company. A certain Heat NYC, LLC.

Tony...

We're here.



Incoming!

VMMMMMMMMMM



BOOOOOOOOOOM!

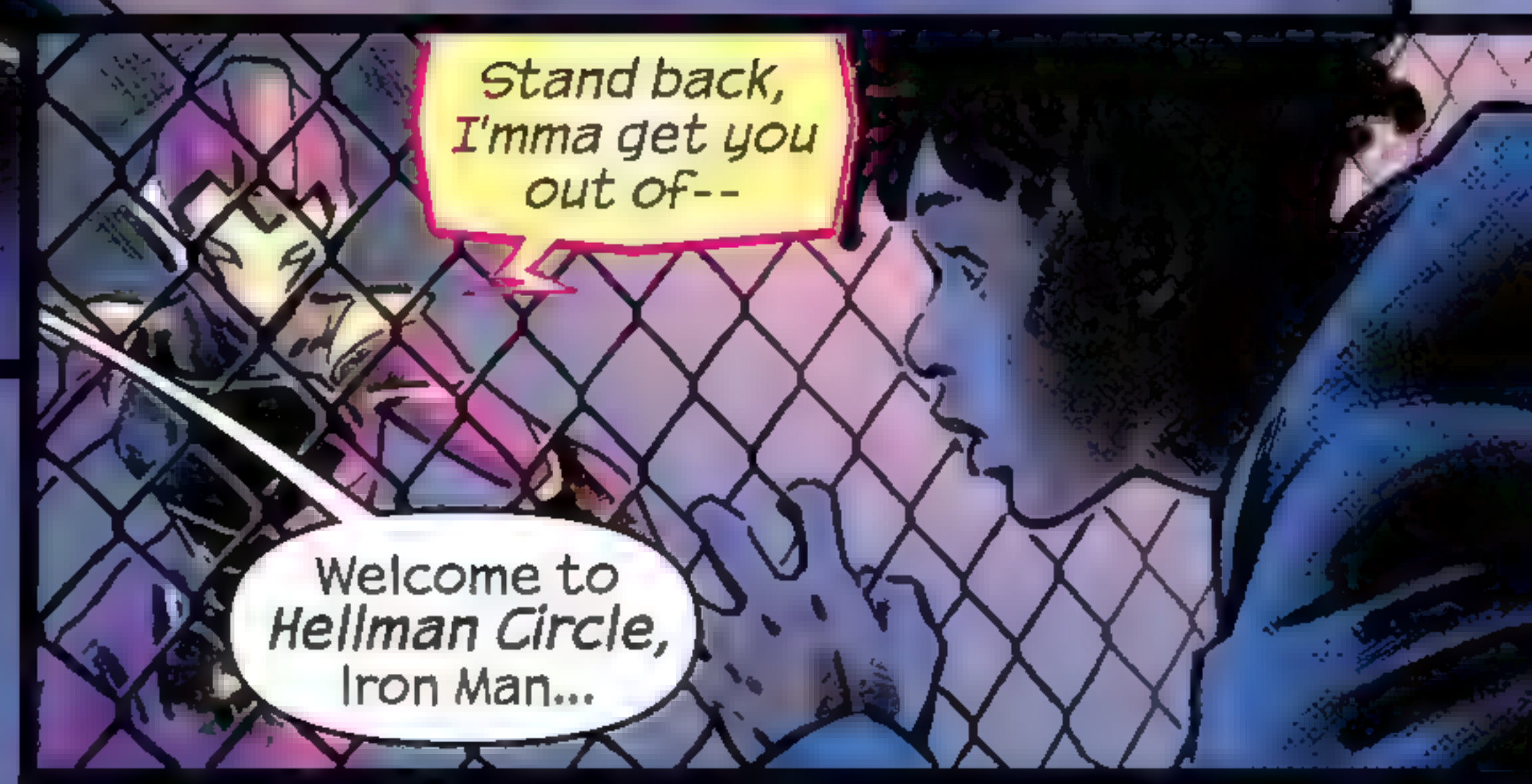
Oh
%\$#&--



Riri!
I mean,
Ironheart!



Xavier?!



Stand back,
I'mma get you
out of--

Welcome to
Hellman Circle,
Iron Man...



...from here,
we save
Chicago!

Lucia Von
Bardas???

Tony,
that's a *Stark*
Sentinel!

Not this
#\$\$&%\$
again!



#1 VARIANT BY LEINIL FRANCIS YU & ROMULO FAJARDO JR.



FIVE: DESTROY THE MACHINES

 CHICAGO.
A WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE.

Username,
they have a **Stark**
Sentinel!

Do you want
me to scan for
mutants? Perhaps
in a humorous
accent?

Your
routines don't
scan for mutants,
Iron.GPT*!

Tsk. This is
what happens
when white people
program
A.I.!

Hey!

Focus,
N.A.T.A.L.I.E.**!

*Iron Man's new
onboard A.I.

**Ironheart's
(far more sophisticated)
onboard A.I.

I am focused!
Look at who's
locked up here
and who isn't...



...these
%&@ don't
ever stop at
mutants.

Lucia Von
Bardas. You're a
long way from
Latveria.

Strange, Iron Man,
how that never
stopped America from
violating Latveria's
borders!

But I know you
Americans prefer the
messes you make to
remain far from your
doorstep!

Iron Man,
I need to get
these people
out of here and
then I'll help!

Go, Ironheart!
The Cavalry and
I can handle
them!

With--
hrrrkkkk--
pleasure!

Are we really talking about foreign interference, Lucia?

When I'm in Latveria, it's usually because an \$%#@ with a metal face is trying to conquer the world.

Stark, you fool...

My Latverian investors were eager to fund a repulsor-absorption upgrade. I learn after fighting you iron people.

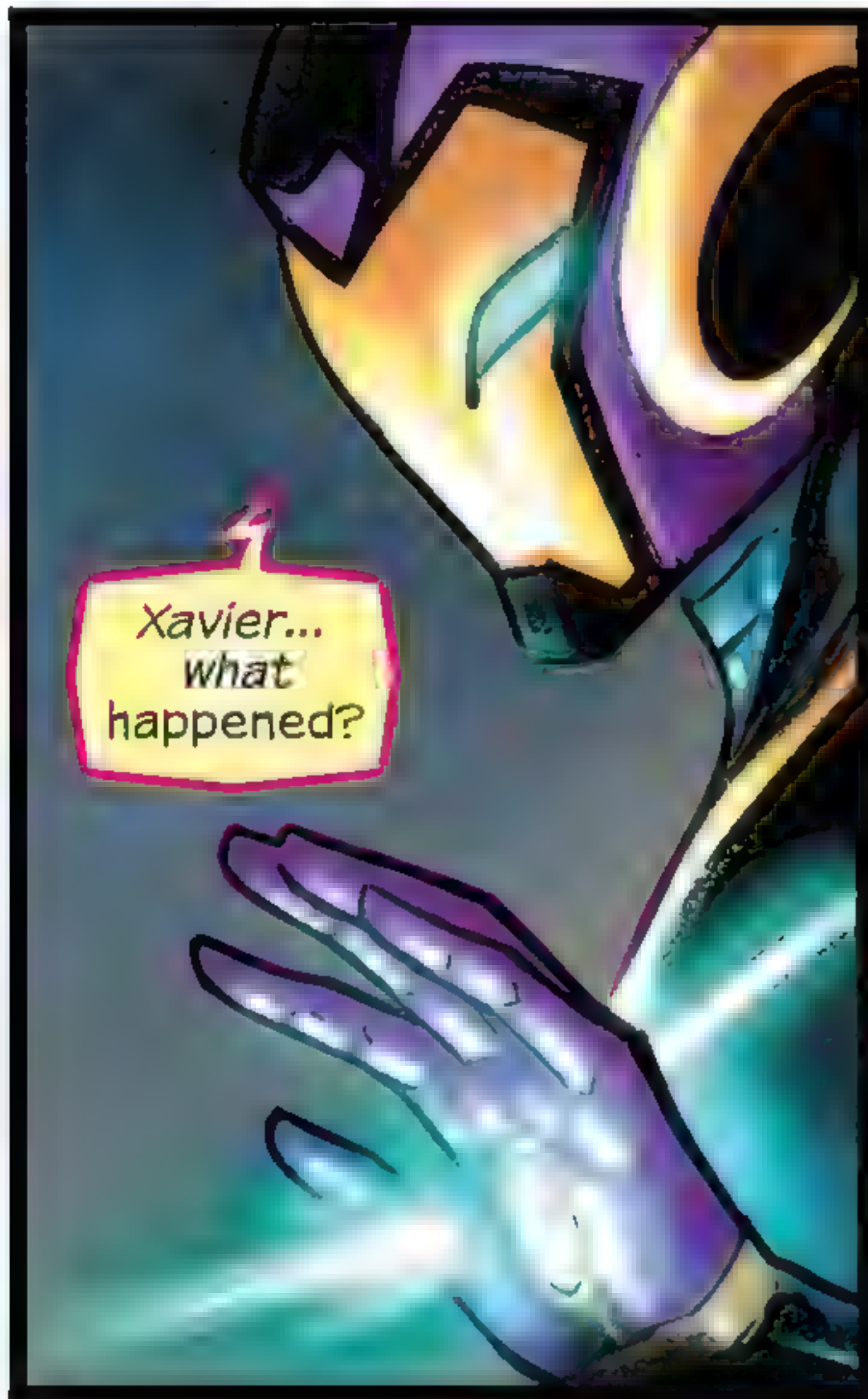
AHHHHH!!!

But never do you expect your works to blow back on you.

Nnnnnnnnn!

No matter how often they do.





Wooooooooooooom



Nnnnnnnuuuuuhhhhhh!!!

You. The one who's still awake.
What's Chicago to you?

~Cough~
I ain't...~cough~
saying nothing to you.

Nah. That #&%& didn't stop y'all cuffing my friend to that bar.

You can walk out of here or you can not. Test me if you want to.

Have it your way.

Okay!!!
The fat man found Jesus and cut us off.*
The robot lady staked us so we could buy this warehouse. Open up shop.

To do what?!?!?

*He's talking about Wilson Fisk in Daredevil (2023) #2-10!
--Insufferable Sarah

T-to finally clean up this #&%& city!
From, y'know...

Damn right I know.

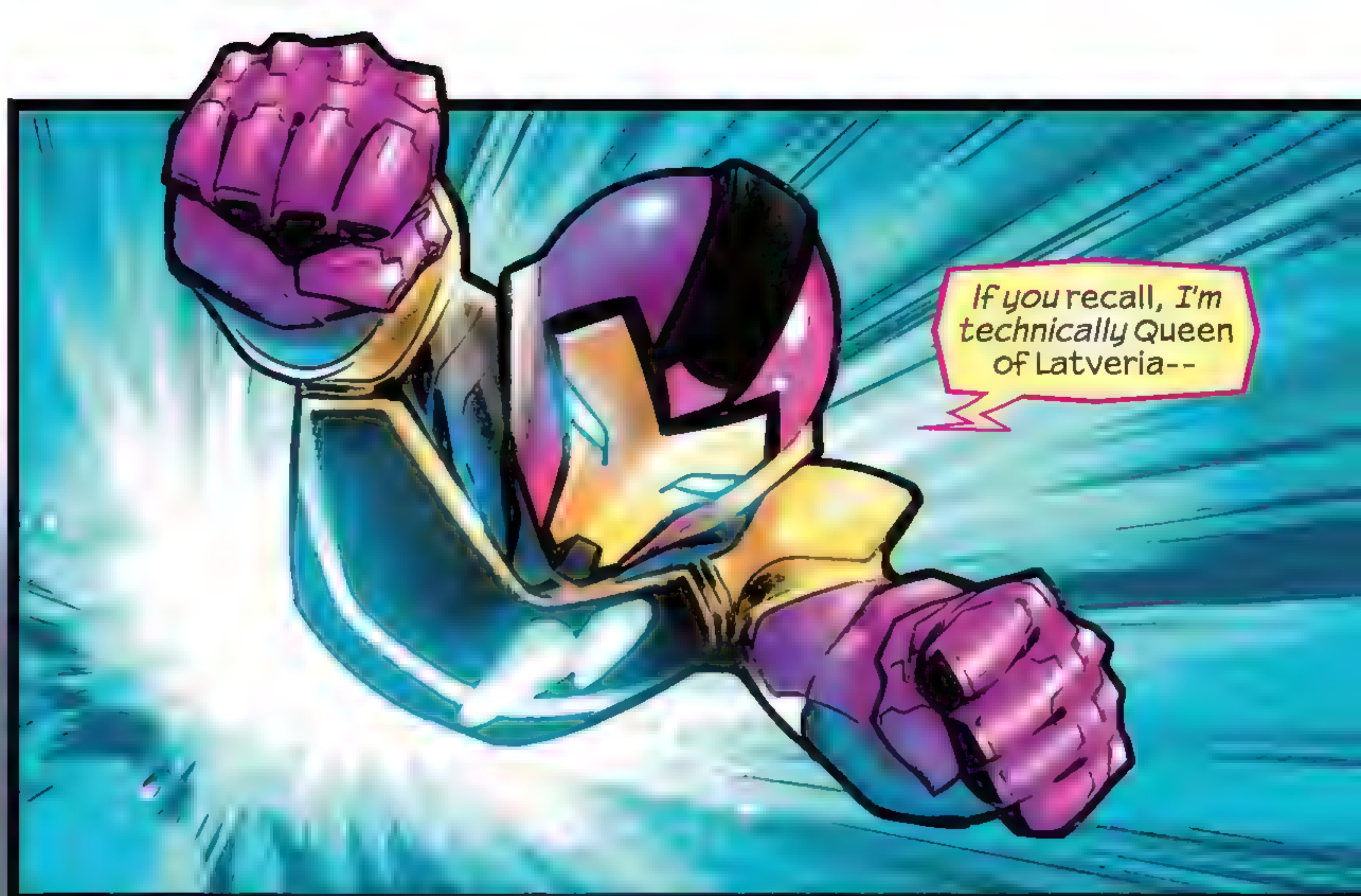
CLIK

AHHHHHHHHH!!!
\$#%&!!!



Guhhhh!

Lucia!



If you recall, I'm technically Queen of Latveria--



Riri Williams.
So much brilliance.
So little wisdom.

Do you know what
S.H.I.E.L.D. did before
they overthrew me?
They sponsored me.

Like Saddam.
Like Mubarak.
Like Diem.



What do you
suppose they'll
do with a Black girl
when you stop
being useful?

Shut up! You're
the one working with
these S.H.I.E.L.D.
thugs!

You're the one
locking us up--the
one trying to push us
out of Chicago!



History is full
of such ironies,
little girl.



The same S.H.I.E.L.D. that took my
home from me--powered by the same
Stark technology--will aid me in
taking yours from you!

Ironheart, get d--
nnngggghhhh!



Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!

POOOOON!



Not all S.H.I.E.L.D. thugs.

Some of us prefer kicking her ass.

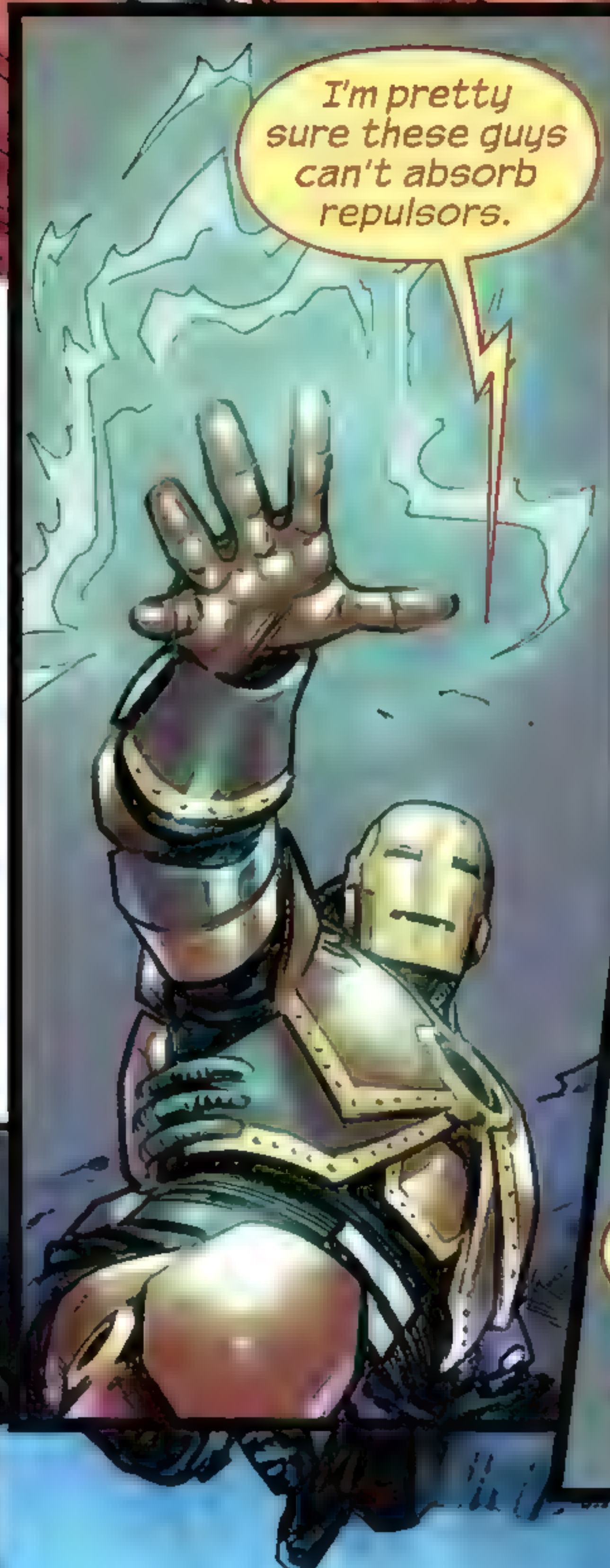


Both of you-- real good time to get up and help.

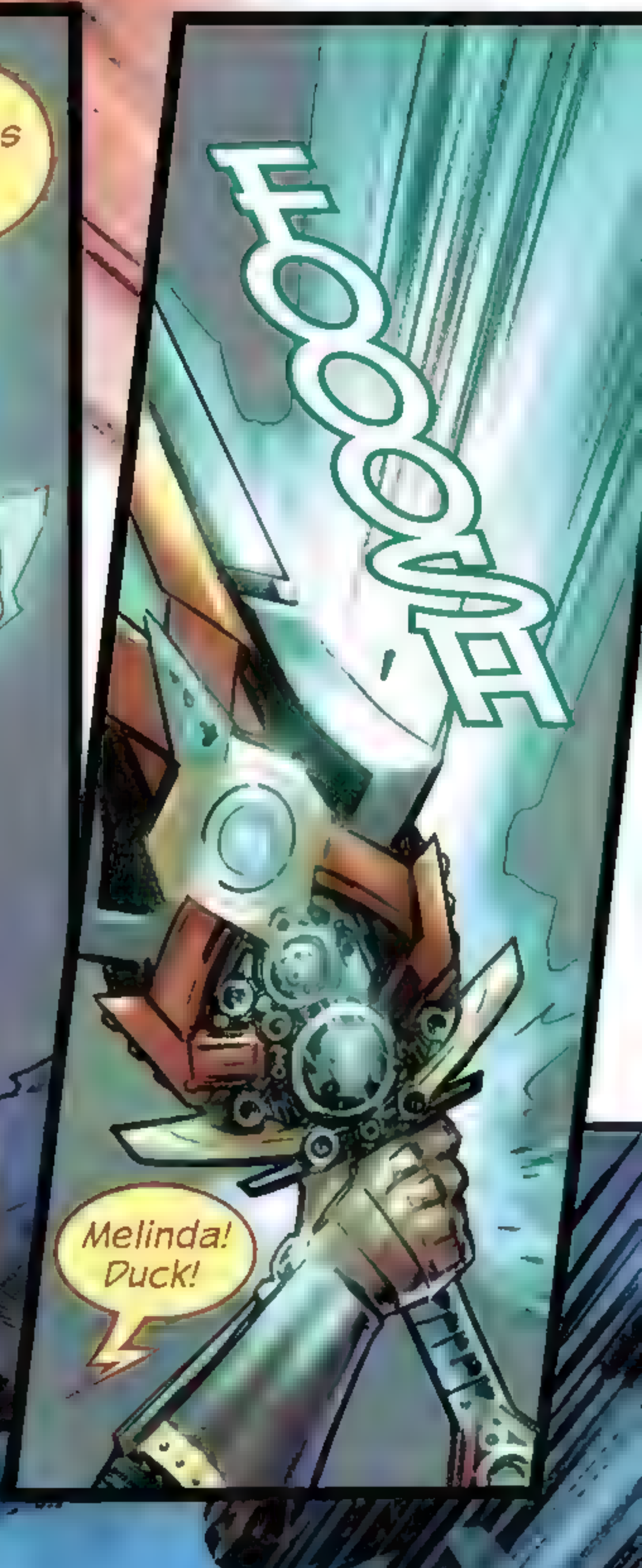
I'm-- ummmmmph-- I'm okay.

Tony, you're not.

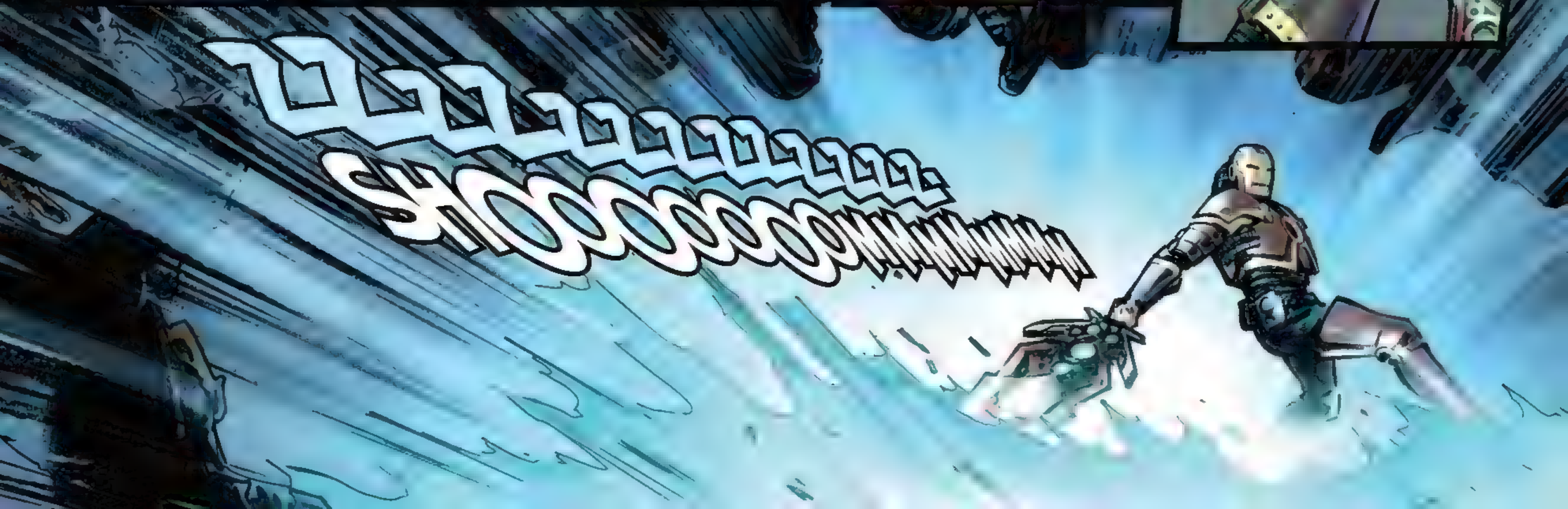
I'm okay enough. We just have to not blast Lucia.



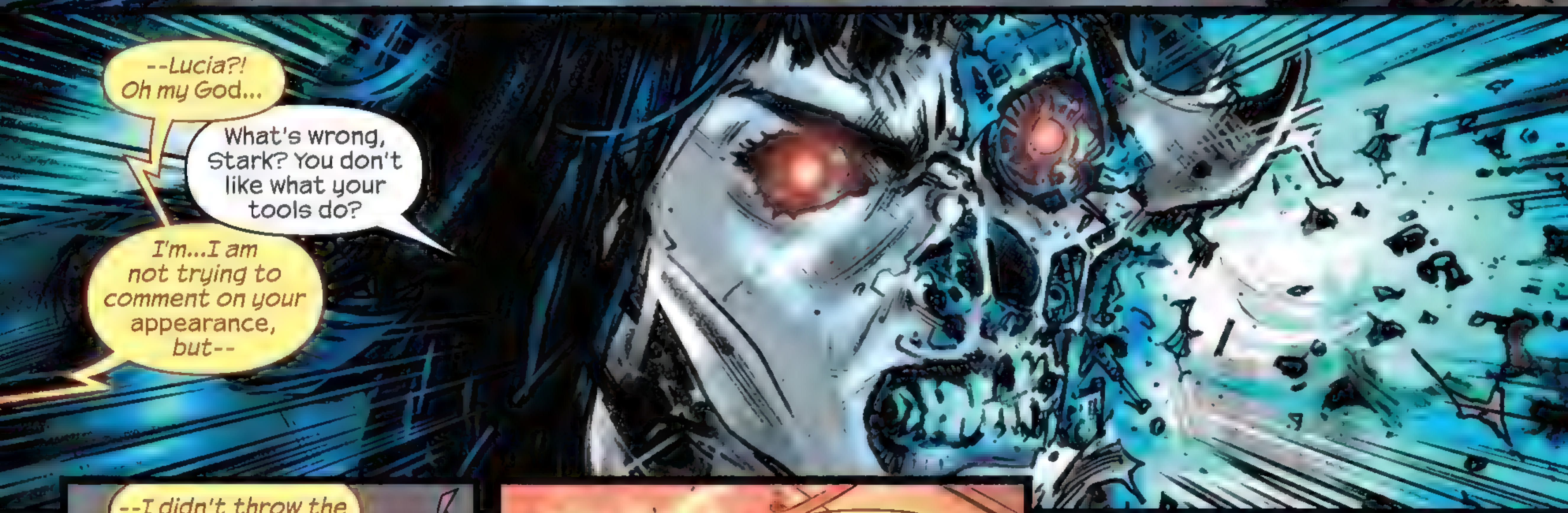
I'm pretty sure these guys can't absorb repulsors.



Melinda! Duck!



POOOOON!





NnnNRrrRRrrR--
I told you!

I didn't--
make--weapons for
S.H.I.E.L.D.--nnnnnn-
ryaaaaahh--back
then!!!



I didn't
say weapons,
Stark. I said
tools.

Your
satellite arrays.
Your data-mining and
geolocation software.
Your micropixel cameras
and your A.I.
suites.

When it comes to the
machinery of order, the
best weapons don't shoot.
They capture. They store.
They accumulate.

They target
the foundations of
freedom. Until Latveria's
only choice is between
Doom and
America.

With our
homeland lost, our
only tools must be
America's.
Yours.

From Hellman
Circle, the *Heat* will
clear out the West Side of
Chicago. These S.H.I.E.L.D.
dogs fetched me
your tools.

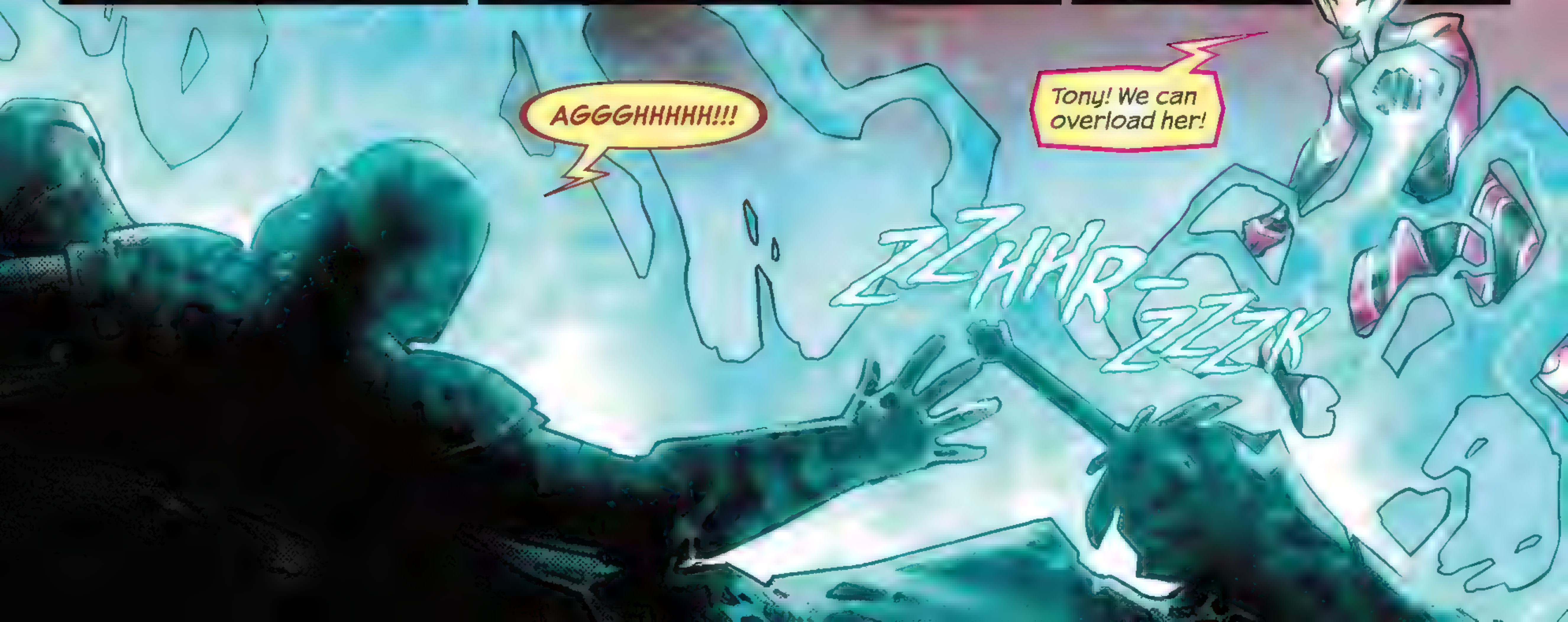
We clear.
We hold. And then, with
Latverian money in the
right pockets, we build.
For us.

How
generous
of America to
always be for
sale!!!



AGGGHHHHH!!!

Tony! We can
overload her!





I'm not reading a signal from her. But it's a metaphysical question.

As Lucia became robotic, did she cross a threshold nullifying "life" as a concept applicable to her? Had she died before we killed her?

Mister Stark, is your A.I. stupid? What a gross thing to say!

This is what I'm talking about...

I see. You must be mad I forgot the accent!

Disable assistant.

Whatever Lucia is, it's her own fault.

You did what you had to, Tony. I live with my share of this stuff too.

I bet.

Melinda. You did great out there.

You piss me off. But maybe that just means you should stay on as board chair. Keep me honest.

Interested?

#&%& no. The last thing I want is to be a sounding board for your bad ideas.

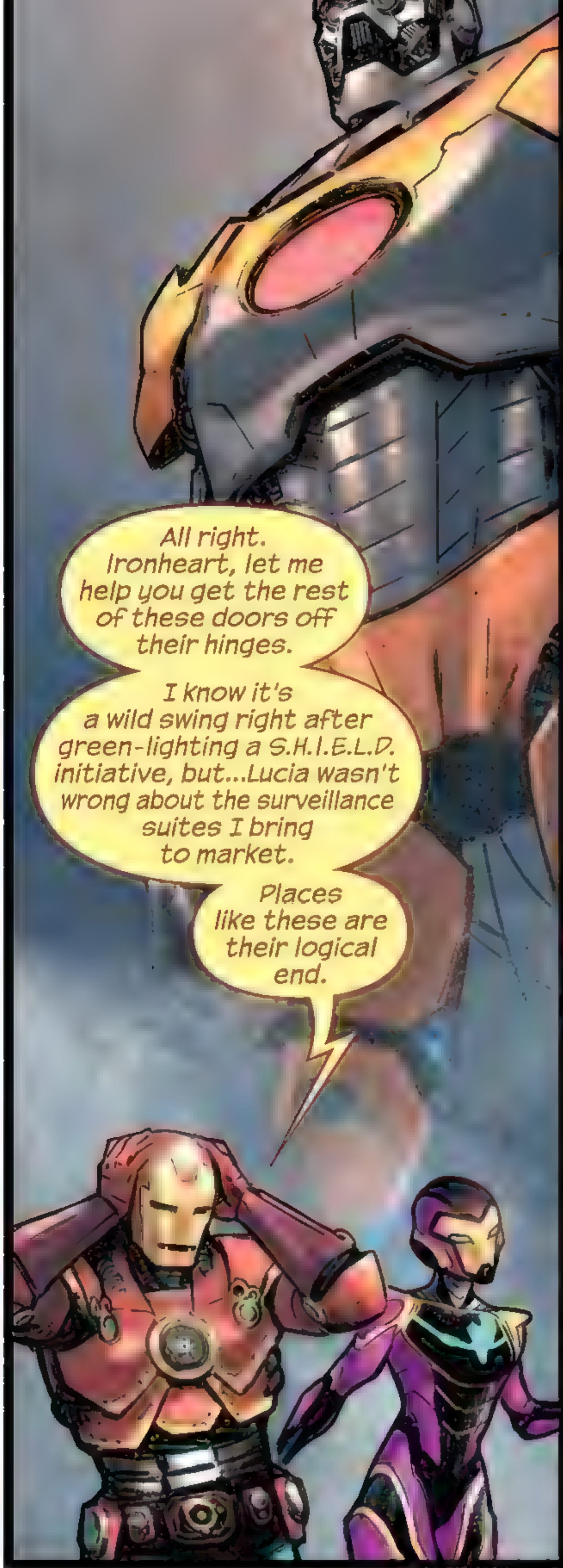
I need to be doing *this*. The collapse of S.H.I.E.L.D. means we're flooded with mercenaries. Some are only doing this for a paycheck. I knocked some of them out tonight.

When they come to, I'd like to offer them a better opportunity.

And *you* need a new head of corporate security.

Hire ex-S.H.I.E.L.D. agents?

I like it. What could go wrong?



All right. Ironheart, let me help you get the rest of these doors off their hinges.

I know it's a wild swing right after green-lighting a S.H.I.E.L.D. initiative, but...Lucia wasn't wrong about the surveillance suites I bring to market.

Places like these are their logical end.



Tony, Lucia was deranged. Don't pay attention to her. Your gear got here by theft.

SHHH-LNGGG

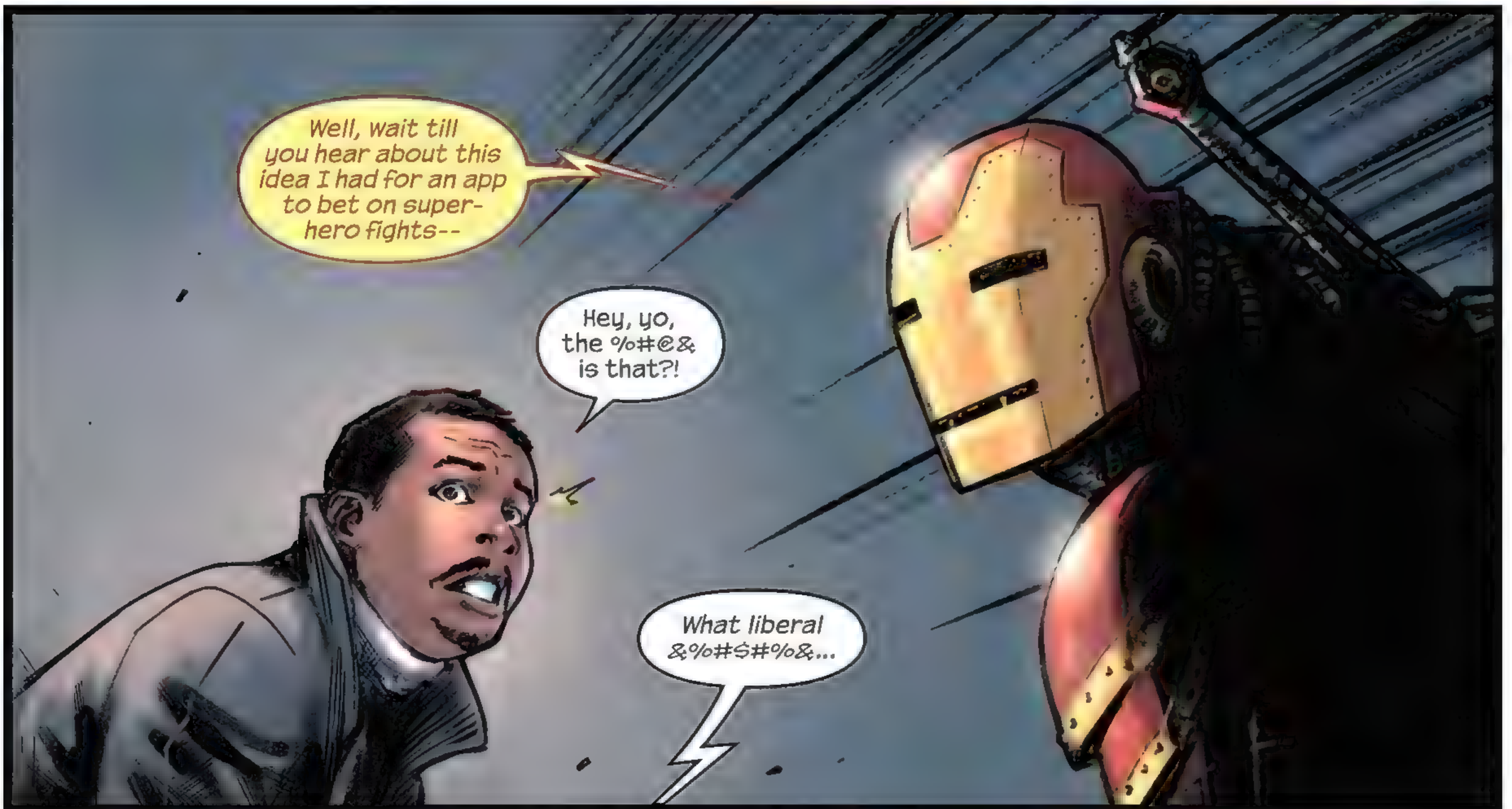
No, Riri. My gear got here by irresponsibility. Mine.

If it wasn't my inattention to who had access...



...then it was developing and selling cutting-edge surveillance gear in the first place.

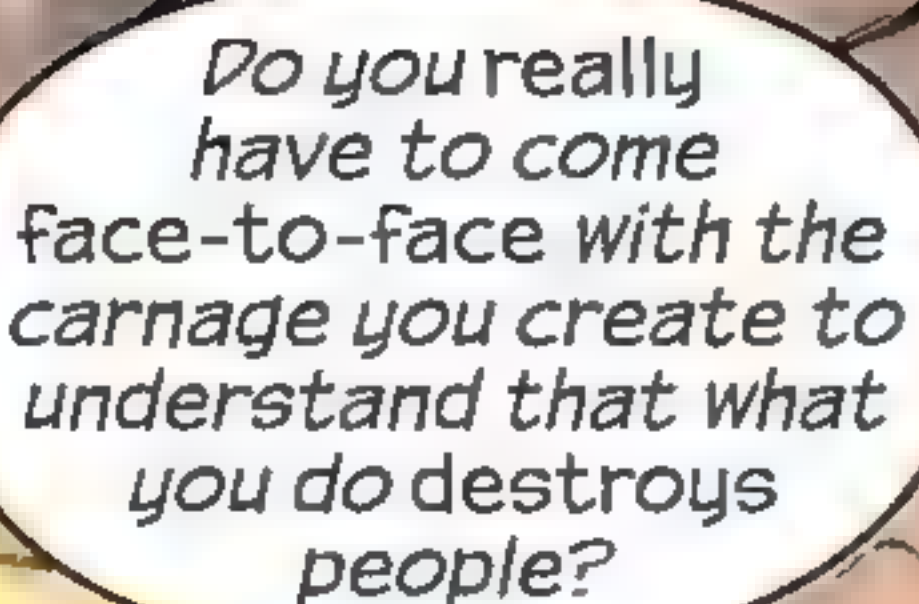
What are you saying? Stark Unlimited won't make anything with surveillance applications anymore? I like my StarkFocus megapixel CosmicView...



Well, wait till you hear about this idea I had for an app to bet on super-hero fights--

Hey, yo, the %#@& is that?!

What liberal &%#\$%&...



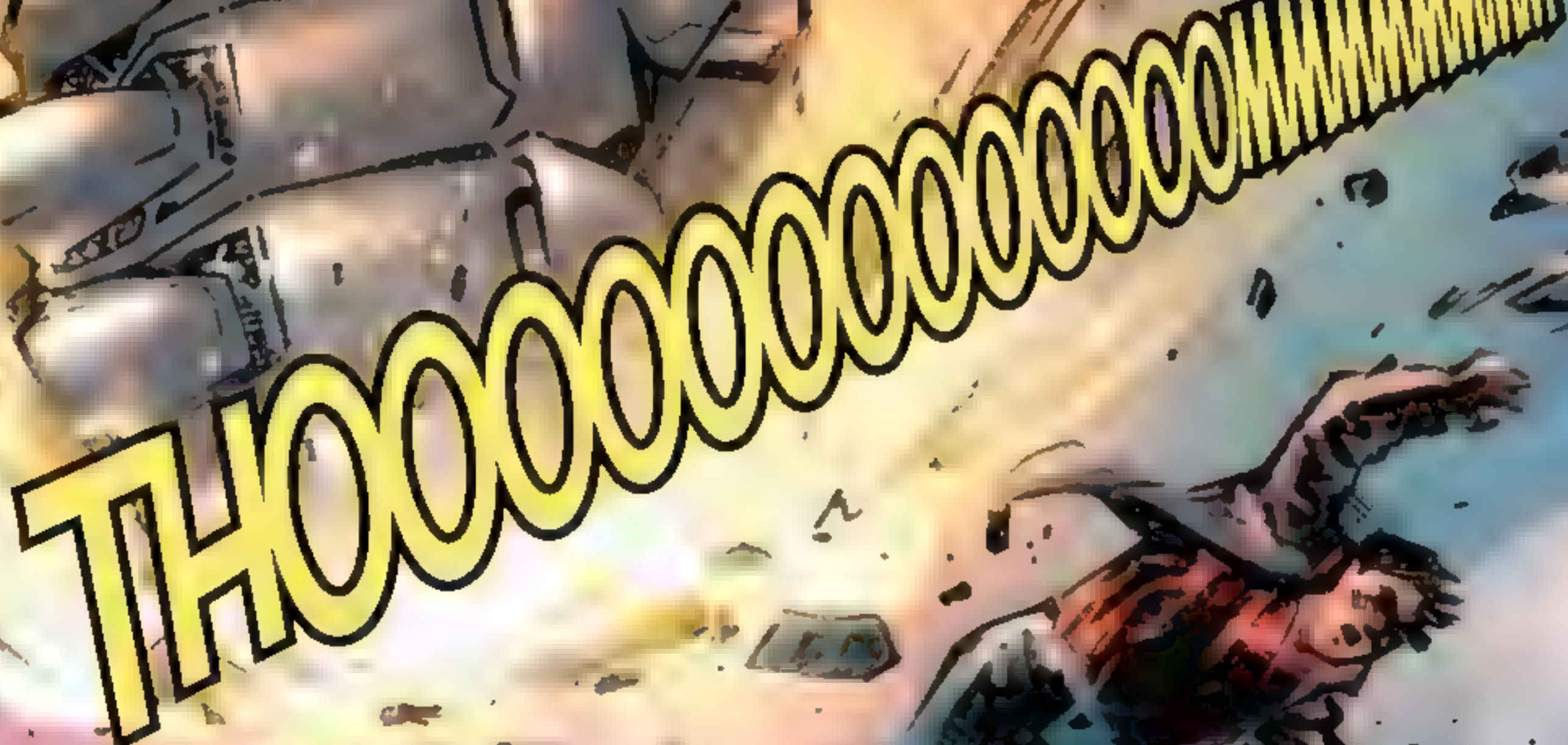
Eyyyyy,
Username! Lucia
has up-a-loaded
into-a the
Sentinel!

...Lucentinel...?

Oh, so now
you detect a signal
from her?!?! And I said,
"Disable assistant!"
Definitely no more
accents when you
come back!

*I'm with you,
Mister Stark!*

You should really not develop A.I.s anymore!



*Must the scales
perpetually fall from
your eyes, suddenly
and forever alerting
you to the errors of
your ways?*

Before
you continue
as ever?



Is that
what your
self-conception
as a hero
requires?

Time
to go!

Man,
don't drop me,
don't drop
me!!!



That's not everyone. But we have to stop her.

If...if I had the Iron Monger, maybe. But in this...

Is there a power plant or something nearby? We could supercharge the sword...

RRRRRRSHHHHH

Calumet Energy is like twenty miles south. She'll stomp everything in between, chasing us.

There is something we can do.

Remember how we beat the Stark Sentinel we fought together?*

*In Invincible Iron Man #12!



Oh, hell yeah!

It wasn't like I was gonna take a full dose my first time. I figure I have like ten minutes' worth. But I'm only gonna use five.

Are you sure about this?



Your Improvised Armor needs a lot more improvisation before it can handle Pym Particles.

This is our only play to stop her from destroying Chicago.



And that's something she just ain't gonna do.

Get everyone who's still in Hellman Circle out. Even the Heat guy I cuffed to a bar.

LUCIA!
I wanna talk to you a minute!







But...
how?

The way we
stopped Lucia
inside.

N.A.T.A.L.I.E. can
eject my repulsor disks
while keeping them
networked...



...so if you charge them
up with your Repulsword,
then it's like Fred said...

...power to
the people.



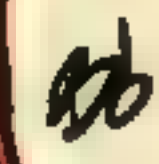
Hmmm...
Repulsword.
Nice ring to it.

That all worked out.
But *none* of this
should have gotten
to this point.

I shouldn't have let it.
When the board meets
next month, getting us out
of weapons manufacturing
is just the *start*.

But *first*...this
armor needs
an upgrade.

NEXT: DOOM!





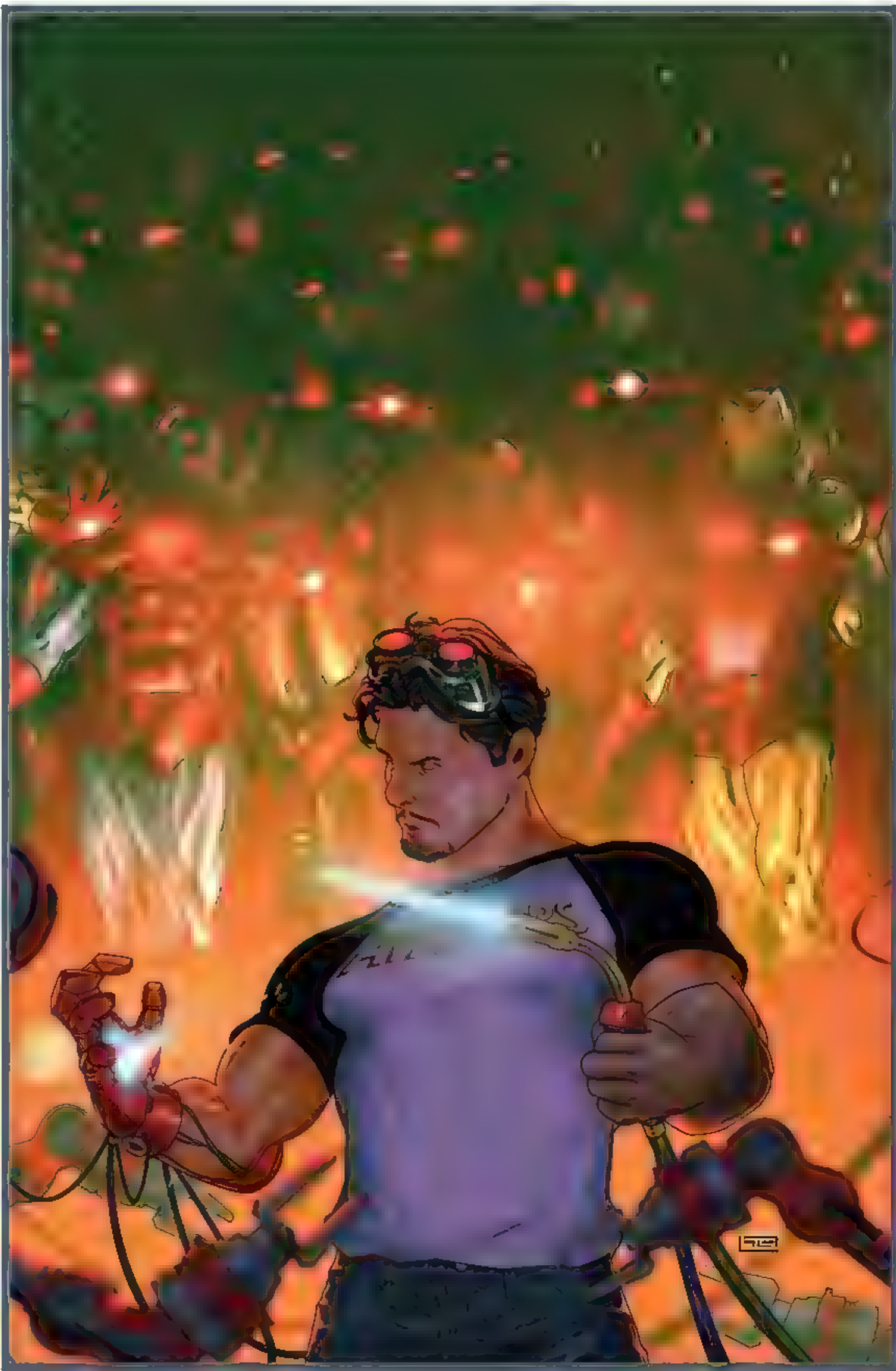
#1 NEGATIVE SPACE VARIANT BY
JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER



#1 VARIANT BY
SKOTTIE YOUNG



#1 DOOM VARIANT BY
MIKE MCKONE & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR



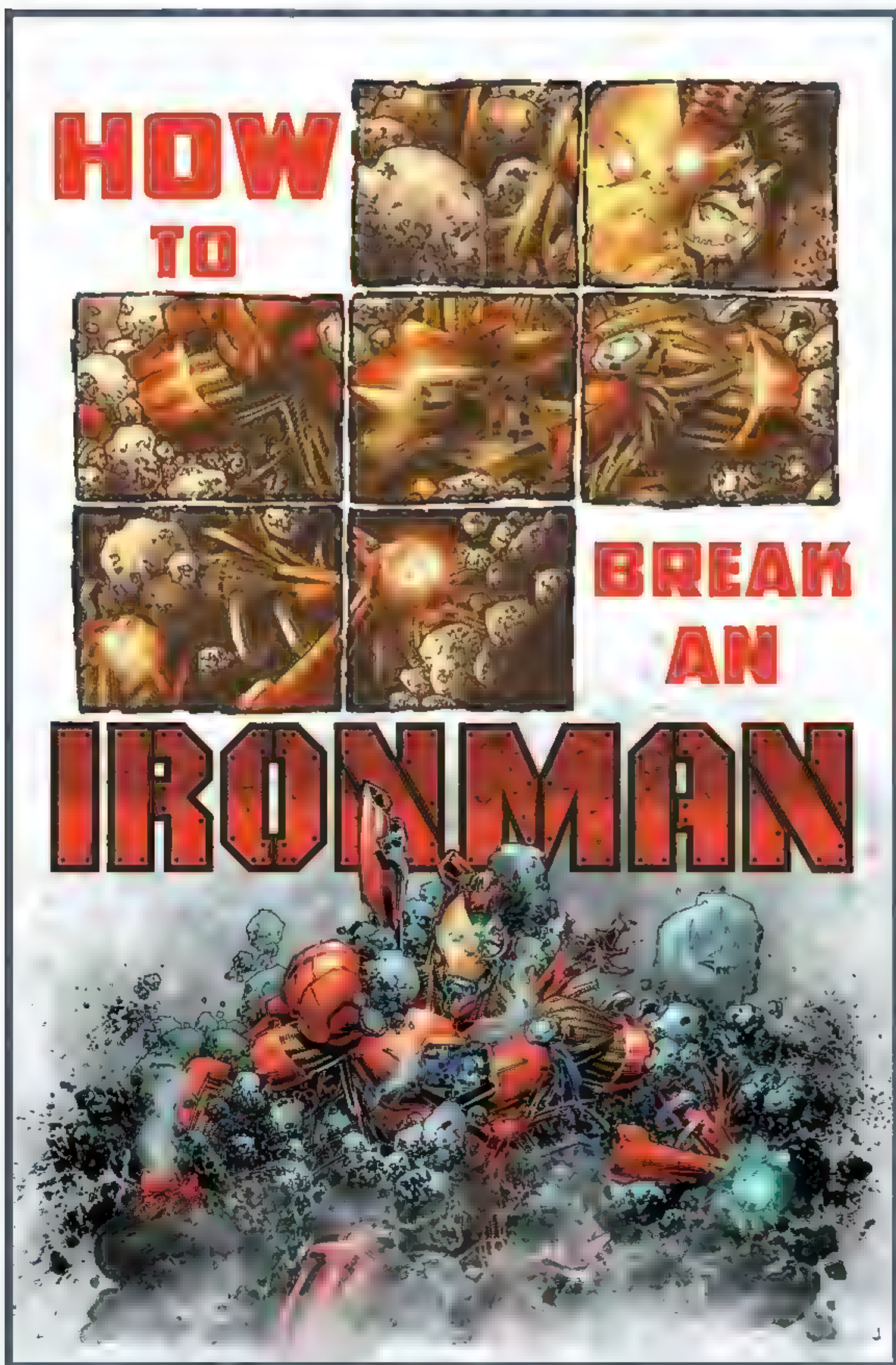
#2 VARIANT BY
TAURIN CLARKE



#2 THE THING! VARIANT BY
IBAN COELLO & JESUS ABURTOV



#2 VARIANT BY
DIKE RUAN



#3 VARIANT BY
WHILCE PORTACIO & ALEX SINCLAIR



#4 VARIANT BY
DERRICK CHEW



#4 FANTASTIC FOUR HOMAGE VARIANT BY
STEFANO CASELLI & FEDERICO BLEE



#4 VARIANT BY
WHILE PORTACIO & ALEX SINCLAIR



#5 ANIMATED-STYLE VARIANT BY
MARK BROOKS



#5 VARIANT BY
WHILCE PORTACIO & ALEX SINCLAIR

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